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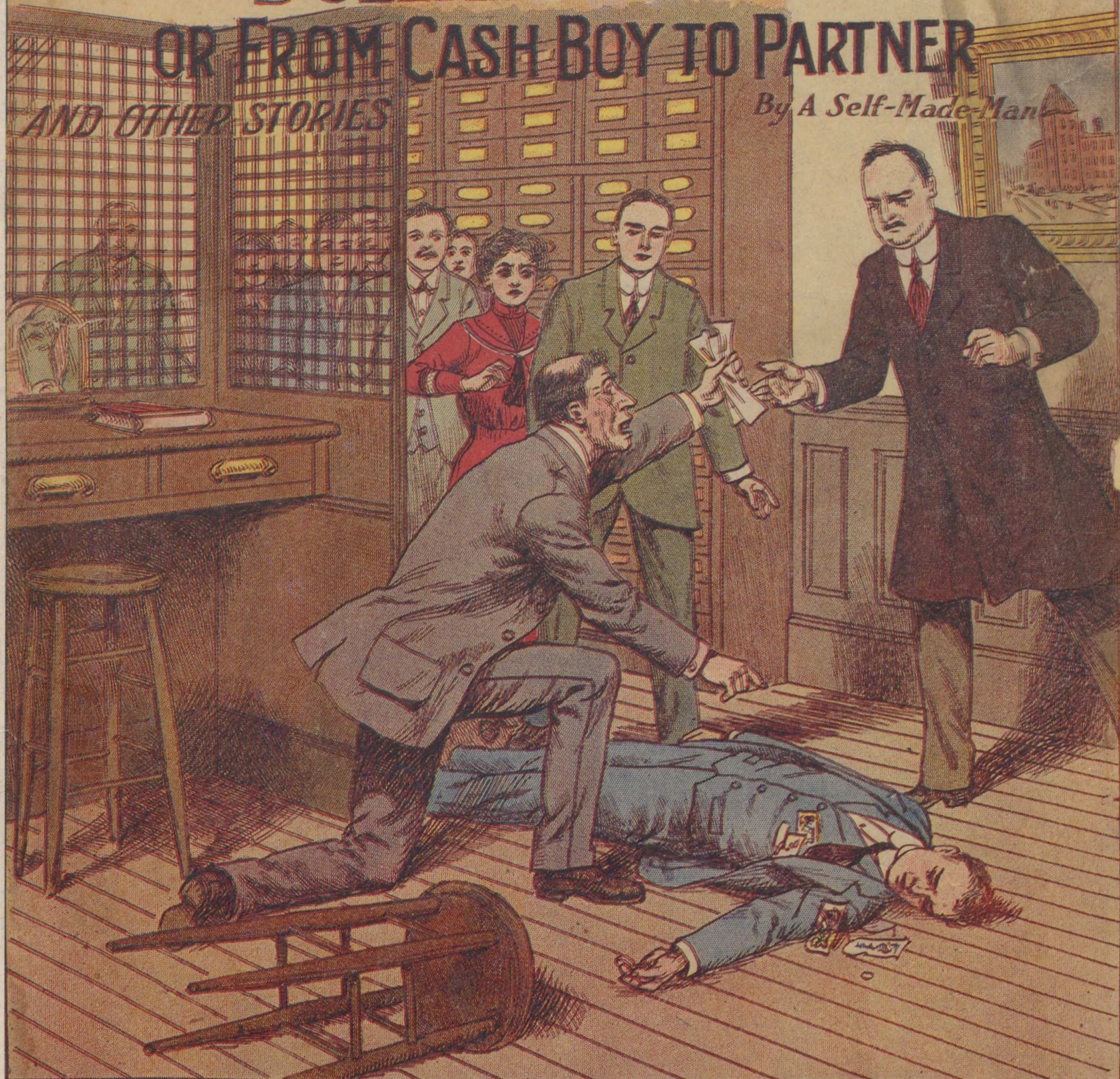
STORIES OF BOYS WHO MAKE MONEY.

DOLLARS AND CENTS

OR FROM CASH BOY TO PARTNER

AND OTHER STORIES

By A Self-Made-Man



"See," cried the foxy cashier, holding out a bunch of checks and money toward Mr. Bond, which he had apparently taken from Bob's pocket, "your trusted cash-boy has been robbing you. I caught him in the act."

Fame and Fortune Weekly

STORIES OF BOYS WHO MAKE MONEY

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No. 363.

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 13, 1912.

Price 5 Cents.

DOLLARS AND CENTS

OR,

FROM CASH BOY TO PARTNER

By A SELF-MADE MAN

CHAPTER I.

WHICH INTRODUCES OUR HERO.

"Mother, I don't like the way things are going in the counting-room," said Bob Brett, one evening at the supper-table. "It is my opinion the cashier is stealing money on the quiet right along."

"What reason have you to suspect that he is doing such a thing?" said his mother, with a grave face.

"From what has come under my observation lately. For instance: To-day he sent me out to buy a bottle of mucilage and handed me a \$5 bill. When I got back I returned him seventy cents in change and four dollars in bills. Later on I noticed that he had charged the whole five dollars to expense account, putting down mucilage, postage stamps and a lot of other things which I did not get."

"But he might have bought the stamps and the other things himself."

"No, it isn't likely, for he sends me out to get everything that is required in the office. Yesterday he did the same thing."

"He bought sixty cents worth of pens, and he charged the office with three dollars. The day before I got a whisk-broom for a quarter and he charged two dollars. And so it has been for a month back. I've been taking a quiet note of his methods. I don't believe that he is confining himself to small stealings, either. Those kind of chaps never do. They keep on taking more and more till they get caught."

"What sort of a man is the cashier? Is he married? Maybe he has an extravagant wife, and his salary isn't sufficient to meet the demands made on his purse."

"He's about thirty-five, has a smooth face and wears spectacles. I suppose he's married, but I've never heard him speak about his wife."

"Well, Robert, I don't know what to say about the matter. If he is really stealing from the store I don't see how he can continue such a practice long without Mr. Bond finding it out."

"He can hoodwink the boss by doctoring the books. That's been done hundreds of times by dishonest people."

"But in the end they are found out and disgraced."

"I daresay there are many who are never found out. Mr. Bond has the fullest confidence in Mr. Scott, and the cashier is taking advantage of it. He ought to get a hint of what is going on."

His mother made no reply.

She did not want to encourage her son to be the one to give the hint, for he was only the cash-boy in the store, and was directly under the cashier's authority.

If he incurred the cashier's displeasure that man might commend his discharge, and his request would carry weight.

The Bretts—mother, son, and a sister who was employed

as a stenographer—were in very moderate circumstances and lived in a cottage owned by Mrs. Brett, on which there was a mortgage, and Bob's \$5 a week was a very necessary item in the family's resources.

It was something of a struggle for the little widow to make ends meet.

Provisions were high, and always seemed to be on the advance, and though she had no rent to pay she had the semi-annual interest on the mortgage to meet with unfailing regularity.

The mortgage was held by a large trust company, and the corporation made no exceptions in cases where the mortgagee was financially embarrassed.

In case the interest was not paid on the day it was due the party had only thirty days in which to make good, in default of which the mortgage would be foreclosed.

Mrs. Brett, knowing this, made every possible sacrifice to have the money ready at the right time, and so far she had managed to do so.

She was worried, however, by the knowledge that the mortgage, which was for the customary three years, would expire on the next interest day.

While the chances were that it would be renewed, indeed, she had been assured that it would be, still there were certain expenses connected with the renewal that had to be paid right down on the spot, and she was making a great effort to lay that sum aside.

If by any means Bob or his sister lost their positions, even for a short time, it would put them in a desperate position.

From motives of policy, she would have advised her son to shut his eyes to the irregularities of the cashier, but as she had brought Bob up with strict principles of right and wrong, she felt embarrassed what to say.

Nellie Brett was not present at the table on this occasion, as she had gone to the country for a two-weeks' vacation, which she needed badly, for she had been overworked at her office and required a complete rest.

Bob went on with his supper and did not continue the subject.

When he got through he told his mother that he was going out to visit one of his friends some blocks away.

The place where the Bretts lived was a small city called Chester.

It had one chief business street, on which Mr. Bond's dry goods and notions store was located, near the post-office, and it had several other lesser business streets running parallel with Main street, and also at right angles with it.

It was similar in most respects to other cities of its size in the East.

Bob's friend that he went to call on was Tom Downey, and

he worked in a printing office on Fourth street, which cut across Main street.

He was not in when Bob reached his house.

His sister said he had come home to his supper and then went right back to the shop to work overtime.

If Bob was anxious to see him he could go to the office, she said.

Bob wasn't particularly anxious to see him, but having nothing else on hand he decided to go to the printing office.

He had been there before and he liked to watch the presses—three jobbers and a drum cylinder—in action.

The drum cylinder was an old-timer, and when in motion it made so much noise that one could hear its rumble and jar as they ascended the stairs.

Bob heard it going when he went up that evening, and it sounded particularly loud at night, when the neighborhood was quiet.

He walked in at the employees' entrance and found himself in the printery.

The presses were at one end, overlooking an alley, the stands on which the body type was laid out were ranged along at the side windows, while the other spaces were taken up with a couple of imposing stones, cabinets of type, a paper-cutter and so forth.

The presses were run by a gas-engine which propelled the main shaft, while the pulleys on the counter-shafts were operated by belting from pulleys attached to the main shaft.

The presses were connected by belting with the counter-shafts.

Each press was supplied with two pulleys—a tight and a loose one.

When a press was not in motion its belting ran on the loose pulley.

Tom Downey was not a full-fledged printer, but he had been long enough at the business to have expansive ideas of his knowledge as an all-around workman, and was looking for a raise, which came too slow to meet his views.

He didn't get a week's vacation with pay, like Bob, nor a present at Christmas, like his friend, though when he started in as the "devil" the hands always contributed a small Christmas box, that amounted to about \$2.

Tucker & Tinker's printery was not a union shop.

Tucker was opposed to combinations of labor, and Tinker always pulled with his partner.

Therefore, there was no regular scale of wages paid the men.

When the firm needed a new man he was hired at the lowest price he would accept, with the promise of a raise.

When Bob walked into the room Tom was locking up a small card form for one of the job presses.

"Hello, Bob, I suppose you were over at the house looking for me and they sent you here," said Tom. "We had a rush of work to-day that had to be got out in a hurry, so most of the hands had to come back."

"How long are you going to work?" asked Bob.

"Ten o'clock," said Tom, seizing the mallet and planer and tapping the face of the type to even up the surface.

Then he took the T-shaped iron key and tightened the quoins.

He lifted the chase and carried it to a job pressman, who slammed it on the machine, with a bang, where it was automatically held to the perpendicular bed, and then seizing the handle of the upright bar which controlled the belting running up to the counter-shaft, pulled it over and shoved it back.

The platten moved against the type, over which the ink rollers had passed twice, and took an impression of the form.

Leaving the pressman to attend to his business, Tom went to the foreman for another job.

He was sent to help a jobber.

That individual put him at work setting a stickful of straight matter.

Bob went over and stood beside the frame while his friend clicked the type in his stick.

He told Tom about the cashier's peculations at the office.

"Why don't you tip the boss off to it? You'd get a raise in your wages," said Tom. "That geezer ought to be shown up."

"It would be rather hard for me to prove what I have noticed," replied Bob. "I'm going to keep close watch on him without appearing to do so, and if I discover evidence that will carry weight I'll tell Mr. Bond."

"I guess that's the best way. It wouldn't do for you to go off half-cocked. If you failed to convince your boss that the cashier is stealing his money, and that individual learned that you had reported his methods, he'd be down on you like a load of bricks and probably manage to have you fired. It would be easy for him to put up a job on you, and then your name would be Dennis."

Bob nodded and then they began talking about other matters.

Most foremen would have objected to an outsider hanging around the composing department, but as Bob was careful to keep out of the men's way, O'Grady, who had charge of Tucker & Tinker's workroom, said nothing to him.

Individual time-slips were not regarded as necessary in the office.

Every job was accompanied by a long, printed ticket, which recorded the history of the job from the time it left the counting-room till it got back there again, ready for delivery to the customer.

Every person through whose hands the job passed in process of execution put his name and time down, and that, in conjunction with the foreman's eagle eye, kept tab on the working force.

Bob was very much interested in the method, as he was in other matters connected with a printing office.

When Tom finished setting the straight matter he turned it over to the jobber, put his name and time on the ticket and was ready for something else.

At that juncture somebody knocked at the door.

The foreman went to see who it was.

After talking to the party a moment he invited him to step in.

Bob was leaning on the case just vacated by Tom, with his face towards the door.

He was surprised to see Ronald Scott, the cashier of the store where he worked, walk into the printing office.

The foreman took him to his elevated desk and there they were engaged for several minutes, after which the cashier went away without noticing Bob.

The cash-boy was interested in the object of his visit.

At the first chance he spoke to Tom.

"You saw the man who was just in here?" he said.

"Sure," said Tom.

"That's the cashier at our store—the chap I was telling you about."

"You don't mean it!"

"I do. I wonder what brought him here?"

"Left a job, I think."

"We don't have our printing done here."

"I know you don't. That is probably a private job of his own."

"Why wouldn't he take it to the printer who does our work?"

"Our prices are cheaper, I guess."

The foreman called Tom to his desk.

When he rejoined Bob he had a ticket bearing the name "Scott," and the reprint copy for a statement he had been given to set.

"That's the wholesale house where we get a lot of our goods," said Bob, when he saw it. "I wonder why the cashier brought it here to have it printed?"

"I couldn't tell you. He has only ordered fifty copies printed in fac-simile. He is coming back at ten for them, so I've got to hustle."

Bob retired to a seat on a bundle of paper and for the next hour watched the work go on in the shop.

The "monthly statement" was put in type, locked up and put on the press, after the foreman had read the proof and Tom had corrected it.

Sixty copies for good measure were worked off and Tom wrapped them up just as time was called and the hands quit for the night.

As Bob and Tom were going down to the door in the dark they saw the cashier enter and start upstairs.

He passed the boys on the stairs, supposing that both worked in the printing office.

"Here's one of the statements," said Tom, when they got outside. "It might interest you."

Bob put it in his pocket, and when he got home he looked it over, wondering what use Cashier Scott could have for them.

The firm dealt in notions, and Bob noticed that the S had been accidentally left out.

The blunder was Tom's, and the foreman, reading it in a hurry, had skipped the omission.

Otherwise the job was a fac-simile of the original copy.

The error might not be detected by one person in a hundred, but it was fated to lead to strenuous results.

CHAPTER II.

WHAT BOB OVERHEARD.

At eight o'clock next morning Bob walked into the store and proceeded directly to the counting-room.

Mr. Bond employed a dozen clerks, eight of whom were girls,

and these had already arrived and were getting ready for the duties of the day.

The cashier seldom appeared before half-past eight or a quarter of nine.

He had one assistant who helped him keep the books, and he arrived at a quarter past eight.

Mr. Bond came himself between nine and ten and went into his private room behind the counting-room.

Bob was expected to go over the counting-room with a small feather duster, fill the ink-stands and attend to other small matters.

His chief duty was to sit at a window inside the counting-room and take the money and the sales slips from the cash-girls, of whom there were three, and make change.

The slips were delivered to him in duplicate, and one of them, after stamping it, he handed back to the cash-girl with the change, if any.

The other he stamped and stuck on a file.

He was so accurate that the cashier never found any difference between the sum total of the slips and the amount of cash in his drawer at the close of the day's business.

Sometimes, during a lull in business, the cashier sent him out on an errand and looked after the cash receipts until he got back.

Mr. Bond had noted how well the boy attended to his duties, and he intended to raise his wages a dollar on the first of the month.

That added dollar would mean a whole lot to Bob's mother, but as yet her son had no idea that he was going to get it.

Business went on as usual that day, except that Bob was kept busier than ordinarily, for Mr. Bond had advertised something new in the notion line, and there was a rush of customers in consequence.

Though there were times when he had to hustle to keep the three cash-girls moving, he made no mistakes, and his cash receipts balanced as usual with the sum total of the sales slips at closing time.

Next day was Saturday and the store remained open until half-past ten in the evening, for which additional work nobody in the establishment got any extra pay.

Neither did they get extra pay for the two weeks before Christmas, when the store was open every night, but Mr. Bond made that up, in a measure, by giving all hands a Christmas present of from \$5 up.

As Saturday was the last day of the month, the cashier told him when he handed him his pay-envelope that hereafter he would get \$6 a week, by Mr. Bond's orders.

That made Bob very happy, for he knew his mother would be overjoyed at the news of his raise.

One extra dollar a week meant \$52 additional a year in the family exchequer.

That would nearly pay six months' interest on the \$2,000 mortgage.

He went home in a happy frame of mind, and his mother was as pleased as he expected she would be when he told her the news.

"I may venture to borrow the money I need to renew the mortgage," she said.

"You'd have to borrow it anyway, mother, whether I got the raise or not, for the mortgage has got to be renewed, since you can't pay it off," said Bob.

"I know that, but it was paying the loan back within a reasonable time that worried me. Now I see my way clear to do it."

"I think I'm worth every penny of the raise. My daily cash account is always correct, and the cashier himself couldn't do any better if he had to attend to it himself, which, of course, he hasn't the time to."

"A raise is always a sign that your employer is pleased with your efforts," said his mother, regarding him with pardonable pride.

He was the man of the house, though his sister was eighteen months his senior.

Chester had a water frontage, for it stood on the shore of a large lake.

There were several islands on this lake which dotted its surface like gigantic emeralds, though in the winter they looked brown and faded.

There was a big hotel for summer visitors on the largest, which was open for about three months, and a small steamer made four daily round trips between the city wharf and the island.

Another good-sized island was frequented by picnickers, and a dancing-platform, bowling-alley, refreshment-hall and other buildings had been provided for their accommodation.

Nearer the shore were two smaller islands which were seldom visited.

Bob and Tom, who were pretty good boatmen, often hired a sailboat on Sunday afternoon and spent their time on the lake.

On the day following his raise of salary, Bob met Tom after dinner at the home of the latter and they walked down to the wharf where sail and rowboats were on hire.

There was a fine breeze blowing and the boys expected to have a good time.

Several boatmen divided the trade of hiring out craft, but the two boys always patronized one old chap who had been a sailor in the Civil War under Farragut, and drew a pension from the Government in consequence, though this was a poor return for the leg he lost at the Battle of Mobile Bay.

His name was Dan Bryant, and he came originally from Ireland.

As summer was close at hand, and boats were now in demand, the boys found it necessary to make their arrangements at least a day in advance to make sure of getting Bryant's boat on Sunday afternoon.

He had it all ready for them when they arrived, and told them that he had been obliged to turn down two other applicants.

He had a second sailboat, but that had been out since early in the forenoon.

He also owned several rowboats, out of the rent of which he made a good income.

"It's a bang-up afternoon, isn't it, Dan?" said Tom.

"Sure it is that. I hope ye'll enjoy yourselves," replied the boatman.

"We generally do that if we have half a chance," said Bob.

The boys put off and made direct for the largest island, where the first of the hotel help had arrived and were putting the house in shape for the opening of the season.

They went ashore there, had a talk with the steward, whom they knew, walked over the island and then re-embarked.

The wind had grown much stronger, and as the sky had clouded up and gave indications of rain, they decided to return to the wharf.

"This is some sailing," said Tom, as a flaw heeled the boat almost on her side and might have capsized her had not Bob, who was steering, eased her up at the right moment, spilling the weight of the wind out of the sail, whereupon she partially righted and flew onward, like a frightened seagull close to the water.

Several of these flaws caught her and finally, as she was passing one of the small islands, a sudden squall, accompanied by rain, pounced down on them.

The gaff snapped like a pipe-stem, the sail sagged and the boat, unable to right, was driven, almost on her beam ends, right on to the island.

"This is a nice kettle of fish!" said Tom, as he sat perched on the weather side, holding on for dear life, while Bob sat braced against the lee side, with his feet in the water that had come over the side, holding the rudder jammed against his chest in a futile effort to bring the boat's head around.

The force of the squall passed off and the rain went with it.

Then the boat righted considerably and answered her helm.

She came around, but as matters stood it was dangerous for them to continue their trip to the shore.

"We'll have to put into yonder cove and repair the gaff somehow," said Bob.

"That's what we'll have to do," agreed Tom, who had slipped on to the seat again. "We must hunt up a strong piece of wood—a stout tree branch will do—and bind the two parts of the gaff to it. Dan will have a fit when he sees it, but it wasn't our fault. The gaff had a defect in it, or else it wasn't strong enough to stand the strain brought upon it by the squall."

"Oh, Dan will understand and he won't make any kick," said Bob. "He'll get a new gaff and then the boat will be all right again."

While speaking he maneuvered the boat with some difficulty into the little cove.

As soon as the little craft bumped against the shore they sprang out and made her fast with the mooring rope to a convenient tree.

Then they lost no time in looking for a stout tree branch that would serve their purpose.

What they found on the ground was either too small or not strong enough.

"You go that way and I'll go this way," said Bob. "If you find something that you think will answer take it down to the boat and wait for me in case I'm not there myself."

So they went off in different directions to hunt the ground over.

Bob was unsuccessful in his search, and presently came suddenly on a small shanty.

"I ought to find a piece of wood there," he thought.

As he approached the partly open door he heard voices inside—the voices of two men, and they sounded familiar to him.

"Look here, Castle, there isn't a bit of risk in this to you," said one of the voices.

Castle was the name of the assistant bookkeeper at the store.

"I don't know about that, Scott," returned the other, in a doubtful tone.

That was enough for Bob.

The cashier and his helper were in the hut, and judging from those few words, and what he already knew about Scott, he was satisfied that something not strictly regular was in the wind.

And he did not doubt but it was connected with the store.

Believing it to be his duty to find out what was on the tapis he crept close to the door and listened.

"Oh, pshaw! You're too timorous by half. Kirby & Jackson's monthly statement will arrive in the morning's mail. They're always prompt in sending them out."

"I know," nodded Castle.

"As soon as you get it I want you to copy it on one of the fac-simile statements I had printed, and then add these items to it. That will make their bill appear to be \$100 larger than it really is. I'll then draw a check for the amount of the copied statement, Mr. Bond will sign it with other checks, and there you are. I'll take it over to Kirby & Jackson myself, with the original statement, and as I am about to hand it to their cashier I'll pretend to discover that I made the check \$100 in excess of the right amount. I'll tell the cashier that to save me the trouble of making out a new check he can pay me \$100 and that will make it all right, see? When I get back you can receipt the copied statement in imitation of the original and enter that in the ledger. Then I'll give you \$25. How does that suit you?"

"I don't know," said Castle, still doubtfully.

"But I do," said Scott. "A week ago I caught you taking a \$20 bill from Brett's drawer and putting a bad counterfeit in its place. If you don't stand in with me I'll report the fact to Mr. Bond and you'll get bounced."

"You promised not to give me away," said the bookkeeper, in a shaky tone. "My wife was sick and I didn't have money enough to meet the bills I had to pay, that's why I did it."

"No matter why you did it, I caught you. Now I hold the whip-hand over you. Stand in with me or out you'll go without a recommendation."

"If I should get caught at this I'll go to jail."

"No quicker than I would, and you can make your mind easy that I don't intend to go there."

"I suppose I'll have to agree, but I don't like the idea," said Castle, with evident reluctance.

"Nonsense! You'll be \$25 in pocket, and that ought to be an inducement to you. It's just like finding money."

The bookkeeper made no reply.

"You'll make a lot more than that by standing in with me," said Scott. "I'll put you in the way of making twice that amount every month. There are a dozen or more schemes we can work together at the store, and all of them perfectly safe. The boss has perfect confidence in me. Whatever I say goes with him. All we have to do is to work hand-in-glove and we'll both live in clover."

"I don't think I could rob a man that trusted me," said Castle.

"Those are the only kind of men you can rob with safety," chuckled Scott.

"But it's a mean thing to do."

"Mean! Not at all. Everybody who can do it is getting his work in these days. The cost of living is going up, but salaries are not keeping pace with conditions. We chaps who are married have got to make the raffle somehow, and when one hits an easy mark he'd be a fool not to take advantage of it."

"Do you call Mr. Bond an easy mark?"

"Yes, he's pretty easy as bosses go."

"He's a nice man to work for, that's why I hate to do him, even though I'm awfully pinched for money."

"You'll get over that feeling in time. My motto is—do others or they'll do you. The boss is making plenty of money out of the store. Are we, who help him do it, making plenty of money, too? Not on your life. We are getting what the theatrical people call 'low but sure.' If all of us got what we are entitled to we could have automobiles and our own houses

as well as the bosses. Mr. Bond sits in his private room and lets his capital work for him. He's only a small example of the big capitalists who make a hundred times what he makes, with less trouble, even. Is that fair? I should say not. Every man should work alike and profit alike. If that was in force we'd all get fine pay and work no more than half a day. The rest of the day we could spend in amusing ourselves."

"That would be fine," said the bookkeeper.

"Sure it would, and everybody would have a steady job as long as he lived. Now, when a capitalist gets old it makes no difference with him, for his money keeps on working for him; but when you and I get old our wages will be reduced, because we can't work so fast as we did before, and then, in a little while, we'll get thrown out altogether and younger men hired in our places. You know that's true, don't you?"

"It seems so."

"It is so. That's why you and I should take advantage of the chance to make all the extra money we can. Then maybe we'll become capitalists ourselves. If not, we won't go to the poorhouse."

Scott's arguments had some effect on Castle, who saw very little prospect ahead on the small wages he was getting.

His scruples grew weaker and weaker, and finally he agreed to stand in with his tempter and see the game through.

"That's the way to talk," said the cashier. "Now let's see how the weather is outside, and whether it will be safe for us to put back in our boat."

As Scott spoke, Bob decided it was time for him to get out of the way, for he knew that things would happen if he was discovered so near the hut.

CHAPTER III.

GETTING A RASCAL IN THE TOILS.

Bob ran around to the back of the shanty and darted into the thick copse of trees without his presence being discovered.

Scott and Castle came around the hut, too, and walked through the trees down to the shore, passing close to the spot where the boy crouched in the bushes.

As soon as they were out of sight, Bob entered the hut and found a piece of hard wood lying on the floor.

He carried it down to the cove, where he found Tom waiting for him with half a dozen good branches of various lengths.

"You were gone long enough," said Tom. "I was several times tempted to go after you to see if you had fallen into the lake."

"I'm glad you didn't."

"Why?"

"You'd probably have interrupted a very interesting conversation I was listening to."

"Between whom?" asked Tom, in some surprise.

"Between the cashier and the assistant bookkeeper of our store."

"Are they on the island?"

"They are."

"What brought them here?"

"A boat, for one thing, and to talk over a bit of rascality for another."

"Rascality! What do you mean?"

"Wait till you hear what I heard them talking about and then you'll know."

Whereupon Bob told him the main facts of Scott's scheme to rob Mr. Bond.

"Gee! they are lulus, at least the cashier is one. After hearing what you have, you ought to be able to put a spoke in their wheels," said Tom.

"I surely will. When I come to think of it I'm sorry you were not with me, so that you could back me up," said Bob.

"It would have been better, but it can't be helped. Come on, now, and let us fix the gaff."

They set at work upon it and made a pretty good job of the repairing, putting four sticks around the broken parts and lashing the whole firmly together.

"It will take considerable of a blow to pull that to pieces," said Tom, surveying the work with satisfaction.

"If it doesn't hold we stand a chance of being capsized before we can reach the wharf," said Bob.

They waited awhile to see if the wind gave signs of dropping any, but at the end of an hour there was no perceptible difference in it.

"I guess we'll have to chance it," said Tom.

They hoisted the sail and put off.

As the wind caught the sail squarely and the boat heeled over they cast their eyes anxiously aloft at the mended gaff.

It held, however, and they made the run to the wharf in safety.

Old Dan couldn't help noticing the repaired gaff, for it looked like a crippled limb in splints.

"What happened to it?" he asked.

Bob explained, and told him if he thought they ought to pay for the replacing of the broken gaff they would do so, but that it really wasn't any fault of theirs.

"Sure I wouldn't charge ye for such an accident," he said. "It won't cost me much, anyway. Ye are good boatmen, and sich a thing as that is liable to happen to meself. Sure, anybody else might have lost their lives and me boat as well. It's pleased I am that things are no worse."

Saying that they would probably want the boat again on the following Sunday, the boys went home.

On the way they talked over the crooked scheme contrived by Cashier Scott and which he expected to put through with the help of his tool, the bookkeeper, and Bob said he intended to tell Mr. Bond at the first chance next day.

He said nothing about the matter to his mother, and after supper went to his room and got out the printed sample of Kirby & Jackson's monthly statement, which Tom had given him.

"It will be easy to prove that the cashier got fifty copies of these printed at Tucker & Tinker's, and he'll find it hard explaining why he did that," thought Bob. "It was lucky I happened to be in the printing office when he came there and gave the order, and I'm glad Tom set it up. On second thought, I won't say anything about the business to the boss to-morrow. It would be better to let the cashier put the steal through first, otherwise he might be able to wiggle out of it and perhaps make things warm for me, for he has Mr. Bond's confidence."

Accordingly, Bob kept his own counsel next day, and for several days thereafter.

What he would like to get hold of was the original statement sent in by the cashier of Kirby & Jackson, but he saw no chance of such a thing.

Usually, either Scott or Castle was in the office all the time, one of them only going to lunch at a time.

Bob generally left Scott in the office when he went to lunch at half-past twelve.

When he got back the cashier would go out himself.

Things worked that way on Wednesday.

Scott was out longer than usual, and when he got back he handed a paper to the assistant bookkeeper and talked confidentially with him for a few minutes.

Bob's bright brain at once suggested the conclusion that Scott had visited Kirby & Jackson and paid the right statement.

Not being busy at the moment, he passed softly behind the two men and looked over their shoulders.

Lying in front of the bookkeeper he saw two statements bearing the firm name of Kirby & Jackson.

He judged that one of them was the genuine and the other the copy with the \$100 of fake items on it.

From what he had overheard on the island he knew that Scott's plan was to have the false one receipted by Castle in imitation of the original, the amount charged up against the house and the statement put on file.

The original would then be destroyed.

A little while afterward he saw Scott tear up something which looked as if it might be a statement.

Instead of throwing the scraps into the waste-basket, he went across the room and dropped them into the side pocket of his street coat.

"He's foxy," thought the boy, as he took in some money and a pair of sales slips from one of the cash-girls. "He won't trust the scraps to the basket."

From time to time after that he glanced at Scott's coat and wondered if he could get those scraps out of the pocket.

No chance to do so offered up to five o'clock, when the assistant bookkeeper went out of the room for a few minutes.

As good luck would have it, Mr. Bond called the cashier into his private room.

Bob saw his chance, and as he was idle at the time he quickly slipped across the room, inserted his hand in Scott's coat-pocket and felt the bunch of torn paper.

He hastily transferred every bit of it to his pocket, and got back to his window before either of the men returned.

Although not sure that he had the scraps of the document he wanted, still he felt confident that they represented the original statement, otherwise the cashier would not have put them into his pocket but would have thrown them into the basket as usual.

Bob was busy at his duties when the assistant bookkeeper came back, and soon afterward Scott returned.

At six the store was closed and the cashier shut up the safe.

As he was putting on his coat he handed his accomplice \$25 on the quiet, which little by-play escaped Bob's notice.

After supper that evening Bob went to his room and taking the scraps from his pocket laid them on a small table.

"Scott is sure to miss them, and will wonder where they went to. I don't think he'll suspect me, for he doesn't dream that I'm on to his game. I think he'll suspect that Castle took them for some reason, and it may lead to a scrap between them. Well, that's nothing to me. I must piece these papers together and then paste them on a sheet of paper. It's going to be something of a job, for I don't know how the items ran, nor the prices," thought Bob.

He picked out all the printed pieces first, and after a patient effort arranged them in their proper order.

He pasted them carefully at the top of a sheet of paper and now had the printed head of Kirby & Jackson's monthly statement.

Looking it over to make sure that he had it right, he saw that the "S" was in the word "Notions" all right.

"It is omitted in the duplicate which Scott had printed at Tucker & Tinker's," he said, "and that is another nail in Scott's coffin."

When he came to piece together the written part he found it was impossible for him to restore the statement in its original form without knowing how it ran.

He got the balance total all right, and the signature of Kirby & Jackson's cashier, with the stamp "Paid" and the date.

Those were the most important points, at any rate, and he pasted them down near the bottom of the sheet.

He decided to postpone the completion of the job in the hope that he might be able to get at the bill cabinet next morning before the assistant bookkeeper came and make a copy of the items and prices on the statement.

With this object in view he started for the store half an hour earlier than necessary.

The place was open and the porter was sweeping out.

"Hello, Brett! You're on hand early," he said.

"What time is it?" asked the cash-boy.

"Twenty minutes of eight."

"Our clock must have been 'way wrong at that rate. Well, now that I'm here I might as well stay here. I'll go in and dust if you've swept the office."

"It's swept. I always do that first," said the porter.

Bob went into the counting-room, hung up his hat and went to the bill-filing cabinet.

He opened the drawer lettered "I, J, K," and found the document he wanted.

He went to the tall desk and, pulling a sheet of paper out of a drawer, he began making a hasty copy of it.

He had just finished it when, happening to glance out into the store through the glass partition, he saw the cashier coming toward the office.

It still wanted six or seven minutes of eight and Bob was surprised to see him there at that early hour.

He hastily returned the statement to the drawer in the cabinet, crumpled his written copy up in his fist and thrust it into his pocket, and seizing the duster was busy dusting when Scott walked in.

"Good-morning, Mr. Scott!" he said, pleasantly. "You're here early to-day."

"Morning!" replied Scott. "Will you run around to the post-office and get a dollar's worth of stamps?"

"The window doesn't open till eight," said Bob.

"It's five minutes of eight now. The window will be open by the time you get there," said the cashier, opening the safe and handing him a dollar bill.

Bob suspected that Scott wanted to get him out of the way for a few minutes.

That didn't worry him any as he had secured what he wanted.

He took his time and got back at ten minutes after eight.

The clerks had arrived, but the assistant bookkeeper wasn't there yet.

He came in at half-past eight.

As soon as he did Scott took him in a corner and talked to him.

Bob could hear Castle protesting that he hadn't done whatever the cashier was charging him with.

Then the two men got down to business and things went on as usual that day.

That evening, with the assistance of the copy of the statement he had made that morning, Bob completed the restoration of the original statement.

He also had a list of the fake items, amounting to \$100, which represented the sum stolen from the house.

Bob thought that Scott's scheme was one easy to be discovered, and wondered he would put it in practice.

Doubtless, he placed his dependence on the confidence Mr. Bond had in him.

The points that Scott seemed to have overlooked, or ignored, were: First, that all goods delivered at the receiving and shipping room were accompanied by memorandum bills, either on ordinary billheads or special billheads used for that purpose by the firm that sent the goods.

Second, the items on these billheads were repeated in a small shipping-book, which the carter or expressman presented for the receiving clerk's signature, and it was the clerk's duty to see that he got the goods shown in the billhead and shipping receipt before he signed the latter, which went back to the house that sold the goods and was retained on file.

Third, all goods ordered by Mr. Bond, through his buyer or an authorized clerk at the store, were ordered in writing and this order was kept by the selling house as a voucher.

Of these three items the only one that reached the counting-room was the billhead carrying the O K of the receiving clerk.

This went to the assistant bookkeeper, whose duty it was to enter it in the ledger, file it, and when the monthly statements came in he compared the items on all the billheads for the month with the items on the statements, and if he found them to tally, as he usually did, he O K'd the statements and passed them on to the cashier, who compared the totals with the totals in the ledger and, finding them right, made out the checks and got Mr. Bond to sign them, when they were sent, with the statements, to the selling houses.

Bob, being an observant boy, had got on to this and other business details of the house, and now he saw that when he reported this steal to Mr. Bond an investigation would soon show that the \$100 worth of alleged goods had never been ordered nor delivered, for no evidence that they had could be produced.

Evidently the cashier banked on the fact that once the statement had been paid that would be the end of the matter.

As a matter of fact, he was right, inasmuch as Mr. Bond took his O K on a statement as evidence that the goods indicated on it had been ordered and received.

There was always a chance, however, if the cashier had been able to keep this crooked scheme up, that Mr. Bond would notice some goods on a statement that he did not think salable and, without suspecting any crooked work, would call on his regular buyer, or the purchasing clerk in the store, for an explanation.

This would lead to an investigation that would end in the counting-room and then it would be up to Scott.

Every thief takes chances of detection; that's why the game hardly pays in the long run, but still as long as the world exists there are likely to be thieves.

CHAPTER IV.

ACCUSED OF THEFT.

When Bob went to the store next morning he carried the restored original monthly statement of Kirby & Jackson in his pocket.

He intended to set the ball in motion that day, as soon as Mr. Bond arrived.

He did not dream that he was in for trouble himself.

Scott had been greatly puzzled and somewhat worried about the disappearance of the torn statement from his pocket.

Knowing he had put the scraps in his street coat he could not understand how they could have got out of his pocket of their own accord.

Somebody must have taken them, and every scrap at that.

He suspected his confederate at first, but Castle protested that he had not the faintest idea where they had gone.

He even asserted that he did not know that Scott had put the fragments in the pocket of his coat.

If it had been him he would have thrown them in the wastebasket, he said.

Scott was not thoroughly satisfied with Castle's statement, for he could not see what interest it would be to the cash-boy to take them and, besides, he did not see what chance Bob had to get at his pocket unobserved.

He remarked on that to his confederate, when Castle called his attention to the fact that Bob had been alone in the counting-room for probably ten minutes on Wednesday afternoon.

"It isn't the first time he's been alone there," said the cashier.

"That may be, but he had the chance to go through your coat."

"Why should he do it and take those scraps?"

"I'm not a mind-reader, so I can't answer your question, but if he did take the scraps he must be on to your crooked game and he intends to use them against you."

"I see no reason why he should know anything about our end of the counting-room. He's only the cash-boy."

"He's a pretty smart boy, just the same—smarter maybe than we have any idea of. I have noticed him watching you pretty close."

"Watching me?"

"Yes."

"I never noticed that."

"I see everything that's going on in here."

"Oh, you do?" said Scott, suspiciously.

"I am naturally very observing. Some people are born that way—others just the opposite."

"So you've observed Brett watching me?"

"I have. If you intend to work this game you've started right along I think it would be a good idea if we had a new cash-boy."

"But Mr. Bond likes him. Just raised his pay a dollar a week. It wouldn't do for me to suggest that he be changed."

"I thought what you said here went with the boss?"

"It does, as a rule, but there's exceptions to every rule."

"Then put up a job on him."

"Have you anything to suggest in that line?"

"I've got that counterfeit twenty yet. Put it in his drawer when he's out to lunch some time when he has a genuine twenty there. We'll divide the good money and you can report to the boss that he took in a rank forged bill and that the house is out that much. That will do as a starter. Then you can follow it up with something else—some mistake in his cash. Five dollars short some night, for instance. We'll divide the fiver."

Evidently the assistant bookkeeper was developing scheming traits himself.

"I'll consider it," said Scott.

The foregoing conversation took place on Thursday after the store had closed, while the two men were walking toward their homes together.

After they parted Scott began to reflect on what Castle had said about Bob watching him.

"I wonder if he really is, and why?" he asked himself. "If I was sure of it I'd get him out of the office somehow. I wonder if it was he who took those scraps out of my pocket? If he's watching me no doubt he saw me tear that statement up and instead of throwing the pieces in the basket noticed that I put them in my pocket. Maybe that made him curious to see what I was so careful with, and when he was alone in the office for a few minutes he took them out. That was two nights ago. I suppose when he found out what the scraps were he threw them away. But suppose he pieced the scraps together and saw that it was a receipted statement? If he's done that and showed it to the boss he would have asked me about it. Well, I don't fancy having that boy watching me. I must get him out somehow."

On the following morning, which was Friday, Bob went to the office with the pieced original statement in his pocket, as we said before.

He was on his cash job when the cashier arrived.

The assistant bookkeeper was already there.

The morning passed away and Mr. Bond did not appear at his usual time.

Bob wondered if he would show up at all that day.

He came in at half-past twelve, just after the assistant bookkeeper had gone to lunch and when Bob went, too.

In fact, the boy was getting his hat to go home for his dinner when the boss arrived.

The moment Bob saw him he started to follow him into his room.

The cashier thought that suspicious on his part, for he had never done that before, having no business with the proprietor.

"Hold on there! Where are you going?" he said, grabbing the boy by the arm.

"I'm going in to see Mr. Bond," replied Bob.

"What for?"

"I want to see him."

"What do you want to see him about?"

"I have business with him."

"I don't believe you're going in to see him. You took some money out of your drawer just now, and you're going to take it home with you."

"What do you mean, Mr. Scott?" demanded Bob, in astonished indignation.

"I mean you are stealing that money."

"Are you crazy to accuse me of such a ridiculous thing?"

"Come, let me see what you have in your pockets."

"I'll do nothing of the kind," said Bob, resisting the cashier.

"You won't, eh? I'll see about that."

With a sudden blow Scott knocked Bob senseless on the floor.

He hurriedly felt in the boy's pockets, but did not find what he was looking for, as Bob had taken the precaution to place the statement in the inside pocket of his vest.

"I guess I've made a mistake," he muttered. "When he comes to his senses he will report me to Mr. Bond. I must block that. Now is as good as any time to put up a job on him and get him fired."

He opened the boy's cash-drawer and seized some of its contents.

Then he uttered an outcry that not only brought some of the clerks on the scene but also the proprietor.

"See!" cried the foxy cashier, holding out a bunch of checks and money toward Mr. Bond, which he had apparently taken from Bob's pocket, "your trusted cash-boy has been robbing you. I caught him in the act."

His accusation caused general astonishment, for Bob was a great favorite in the store and every one but the bookkeeper and cashier liked him.

"Surely you don't mean that, Mr. Scott," said the head of the house, in astonished surprise.

"I do mean it, sir. Here is the evidence on him. Three \$5 bills and two checks that came in this morning from cash customers," said the cashier.

"What could he do with those checks?" said the proprietor.

"I don't know. All I know is I saw him take the checks and money from his drawer, put them in his pocket, grab his hat and start to go out. I called him back, accused him of the theft and then he struck at me. I threw out my arm to ward his blow off and my fist hit him and he fell senseless, as you see. Then I cried out."

"Bring the boy into my room," said Mr. Bond, calling up two of the clerks.

They lifted Bob and bore him into the boss' private room and laid him on the lounge there.

Mr. Bond followed and shut the door.

He dashed some water in Bob's face and the boy regained his senses.

The cash-boy looked around him in surprise.

"How came I here?" he asked, in a puzzled tone.

"I had you brought in here," said Mr. Bond.

"I remember now, he knocked me down after accusing me of stealing some money from my drawer," said Bob.

"He has accused you of taking three \$5 bills and two checks. Can it be possible you did that?"

"No, sir, I wouldn't think of doing that."

"But I saw him take the checks and the money from your inside pocket."

"If you did, then he put them there beforehand while I was senseless."

"Why should he do such a thing?" said Mr. Bond, with a frown.

"I couldn't tell you, sir, unless his object is to get me discharged."

"I don't see why he should want to have you discharged. You have been giving perfect satisfaction."

"Maybe when I tell you how he is robbing you you will see his object."

"Robbing me!"

"Yes, sir; and I can prove it."

Mr. Bond regarded Bob as if he thought he had suddenly become crazy.

"Look here, Robert, are you aware of what you are saying?" he said.

"I am. Will you let me tell you what I know? Then you can judge whether there is any truth in it or not."

"Mr. Scott has my fullest confidence."

"If he has he is abusing it."

"I don't like this charge you are making against the cashier. It doesn't look well in you."

"It's my duty to report what I see going on when I know it isn't right."

"Well, well! I suppose I must hear your story, but it will take a great deal to convince me that Mr. Scott is doing anything he should not do in my store."

"I suspect he has been stealing small sums from you right along, but as I can't prove that I won't specify what the steal-

ings are. What I do charge him with is robbing you of \$100 through a false statement supposed to have come from Kirby & Jackson, dealers in notions."

Bob then told his story—how his suspicions had been raised by seeing the cashier get fifty statements printed at Tucker & Tinker's printing office one evening during the previous week.

Then he related in substance the conversation he had overheard on the island between Scott and Castle.

Mr. Bond listened in great surprise.

Bob then produced the restored original statement from Kirby & Jackson, bearing the cashier's signature, and told him how the pieces which he had pasted on the sheet had come into his possession.

"That is the correct statement of the amount you owed that firm, and it's just \$100 less than the bogus statement in the letter-cabinet bearing the imitated signature of Kirby & Jackson's cashier," went on Bob. "The whole of that fake paper, made out on one of the statements Scott had printed, was executed by Castle, who is standing in with the cashier in his crooked work. Now you have my story. I don't ask you to take my word alone, but investigate the case. Here is a list of the \$100 worth of goods charged on the duplicate statement and which you will not find on the original here. Those goods were never ordered nor delivered. That ought to be easy for you to find out. Investigate my charge, that is all I ask. You will discover that my statements are true."

Mr. Bond was silent.

He was absolutely staggered to think that his trusted cashier could be actually robbing him.

"I can prove that Scott had fifty statements printed, by bringing my friend Tom Downey here," went on Bob. "He set the job up in type and both of us saw Scott in the printing office. If you want further evidence you can get it at Tucker & Tinker's. Besides, when you compare the fake statement with this you will see that, owing to a printer's error the 'S' is omitted in the word 'Notions.' It is not omitted in this pasted statement, because this is the one that came from Kirby & Jackson's office. That's all. I leave the matter in your hands to look into. As to Scott's charge that I stole money and checks from my cash-drawer, I think my record since I came to work here will go far to disprove it."

"You have astonished me, Robert, but you have stated the matter in such a straightforward way, and it is so serious, that I feel it will have to be investigated. In the meantime say nothing about it to any one. Go to your dinner now and resume your duties when you return. I will tell Mr. Scott that you have denied his charge in every particular and that I feel that I cannot take action on his word alone, but must have some evidence of your alleged delinquency."

Satisfied that matters would go the right way, Bob left the private room and went home to his dinner.

CHAPTER V.

SCOTT AND CASTLE SEE THEIR FINISH.

The clerks looked at him as he passed out, believing he had been discharged, and they all felt sorry for him and surprised to think he could have been guilty of stealing money from his drawer.

Scott, who was filling his position at the cash-window, also watched his exit, and so did the assistant bookkeeper, whom the cashier had told about the situation when he came back from his lunch during the time Bob was closeted with Mr. Bond, both hoping he had been fired.

They were disappointed, however, when the proprietor came out of his room and told Scott that after listening to the boy's defence he was not fully satisfied that Bob had taken the money and checks with intent to steal.

"I think you acted too hastily, Mr. Scott," he said, gravely. "You should have waited till you had conclusive evidence against the boy."

"When he put the money and checks in his pocket after looking warily around, I thought that was proof enough of his intentions, sir," said Scott.

"Possibly you may be right, but not having seen the lad's actions with your eyes, and finding his explanations reasonable, I cannot take any action at present."

"What explanation did he make?" asked the cashier, anxious to learn what Bob had said to the boss.

"He denied that he had taken the money and checks at all and declared that he did not know how they came to be in his pocket. In fact, he accused you of putting them there to get him in trouble."

"Why, the young rascal——"

"I told him that didn't seem possible, since you could have no reason to make trouble for him."

"Of course, I had no reason to do such a thing," said Scott, with a look of virtuous indignation. "I didn't have anything against him. He lied to you to try and save himself. I should think that would be enough to convince you that he was guilty. At any rate, you saw with your own eyes that I took his stealings out of his pocket."

"Well, I shall allow him to remain until to-morrow night, at any rate. That will be the end of the week. By that time I will have made up my mind on the subject."

Mr. Bond returned to his room and Scott and Castle consulted.

"I guess he'll be bounced," said the former. "Mr. Bond was inclined to waiver until I had my say just now and showed him that the boy was guilty and had lied to him in his explanation."

"I hope he goes, for I consider him dangerous to our interests," said Castle.

The cashier had been nervous while Bob was in the private room, thinking that the boy might have learned something about the original statement of Kirby & Jackson's, though he was partly reassured when he had found nothing against himself when he hastily searched Bob's pockets before giving the alarm, but as Mr. Bond said nothing on the subject to him he judged that he was safe.

When Bob got back from his dinner, Scott put on his hat and coat and went out to a late lunch.

Castle, pretending sympathy for Bob, asked him about the trouble, which he said the cashier had told him about.

The boy, knowing that the assistant bookkeeper had no friendship for him, told him he had nothing to say on the subject, and turned his attention to his duties.

While the cashier was out, Mr. Bond called Castle into his room to ask him some unimportant question.

This was to enable Bob to get the fake statement out of the letter-file cabinet without the fact becoming known to the assistant bookkeeper for him to communicate to the cashier when that man got back.

When Castle came back he told Bob that the boss wanted to see him.

Bob entered the private room and handed the statement to Mr. Bond.

The merchant, on comparing the two statements, saw at a glance that the copied one did not bear the stamp "Paid," nor the date, which the other one did, and he was now satisfied that the boy's story was true.

Sending Bob back to his window, he went into the shipping and receiving department and asked the clerk if he remembered receiving the \$100 worth of goods down on the fake statement.

The clerk said he could not remember whether he had or not, but if there was any doubt on the subject, Mr. Bond could send over to Kirby & Jackson and find out from their shipping receipts if the goods had been sent in.

Instead of sending, he called at Kirby & Jackson's himself.

He saw Mr. Kirby and showed him the statement.

"That doesn't look like my cashier's handwriting," he said.

"Did your cashier receipt that?" he asked.

"If he did he omitted to stamp it with the date, which is customary with us. Anything the matter with it?"

"I have an idea there is. Will you call your cashier in here?"

"Certainly," said the senior partner of the firm, who went to the door and called the man in.

"You received that statement, I suppose, with my check, through the mail, receipted it as shown and returned it to my place of business?" said Mr. Bond.

The cashier looked at the statement.

"Why, that isn't the statement we sent you," he said, in some surprise, "though it is on one of our printed bills. The statement I sent to you was brought here by your cashier in person, who paid me with your check and I receipted it and handed it back to him. I recollect now there was a mistake about the check."

"A mistake!" said the merchant.

"Yes. Your cashier told me that he had made it out for \$100 more than the sum of the bill, had you sign it, and he did not notice his error till he was giving it to me. To save the trouble of going back to the store and making out a new check he said I could hand him the excess in money, which I did, and took the check."

"Oh, that's how it was?"

"Yes, sir. But how came you to get this statement? It isn't the right one, and that isn't my signature. Besides, it doesn't bear our stamp. There is something funny about it."

"Is this the right statement?" asked Mr. Bond, producing the restored one handed to him by Bob.

The cashier looked at it.

"It has been torn up and then put together again. I must compare the items with your ledger account."

"Do so," said the merchant.

The cashier carried off both statements with him.

Mr. Kirby thought there was something very singular in the fact that two different statements, both receipted, relating to the previous month should be in his customer's possession, but he waited to see how the matter would turn out.

He asked Mr. Bond how business was and was told it was very fair indeed.

Then the cashier came back.

"This torn statement is the correct one," he said. "My second bookkeeper made it out from your ledger account. It was paid, as I said before, with a check \$100 in excess of the amount, and which \$100 I personally handed to your cashier. The second statement is a mystery to me. It carries all the original items and others not charged against you, to the amount of \$100. I am having the matter looked up. Our shipping receipts will show if there has been any error on our part."

"I think the trouble originated in my store. I am of the opinion that you will find no evidence of having received from me orders for those five extra items, and without the orders you cannot have shipping receipts," said Mr. Bond.

"That's right, sir," nodded the cashier.

"You suspect some irregularity on the part of an employee of yours?" hazarded Mr. Kirby.

"I had rather not say whether I do or not."

Kirby understood the situation from his reply, and made no further remark on the matter.

It was Mr. Bond's business, not his.

In a few minutes the cashier came back again with the fake statement.

"We have no orders nor shipping receipts representing those goods, Mr. Bond. The torn statement is your account in full to the first of this month, and it has been paid. The second statement never came from our place. On examining the printed head I notice there is a printer's error in it which does not appear in our regular statements, from which I conclude that some person has had some of our statements printed for some purpose of his own."

The cashier pointed out the typographical error to Mr. Bond and Mr. Kirby and showed that the error was not in the torn statement.

"That error has already been called to my attention," said the merchant. "That is all, Mr. Kirby. I am fully satisfied now as to how matters stand. Good-day."

The merchant then went directly to Tucker & Tinker's printing office.

Mr. Tinker was there.

"Can you tell me who the person was who ordered fifty of those statements printed here one evening last week?" asked Mr. Bond.

Tinker called his bookkeeper and asked him to look up the ticket of the job.

"It came in on Thursday evening—the night the office was open," he said.

The ticket was produced and it bore the name "Scott."

"You have a boy working here named Tom Downey?" said Mr. Bond.

Tinker nodded.

"Have you any objection to calling him in here?"

Tom was sent for and presently appeared.

"Your name is Tom Downey?" said the merchant.

"Yes, sir," replied Tom, wonderingly.

"You and Robert Brett are friends, I believe?"

"Yes, sir."

"Did Brett call here to see you on Thursday evening?"

"He did."

"While he was in the printing office did a man call and leave an order for fifty of those statements?"

"Yes, sir. The foreman took the order and I set it up. It was a rush order, to be delivered at ten o'clock, the hour we shut down. The man, who said his name was Scott, returned and got the printed statements and paid for them, I suppose."

"Describe the man as well as you can."

Tom gave a good description of Scott—good enough for Mr. Bond to see that it was his cashier.

"You and Brett went out sailing on Sunday afternoon, I believe?"

"Yes, sir."

"And owing to an accident to the sail you put in at one of the islands to repair it?"

"Yes, sir."

"Do you know if there were any other persons on the island besides yourselves?"

"There were two men. I didn't see them, but Bob did and overheard a conversation between them about some crooked game they were going to work."

"In which one of the fifty statements printed here was to figure?"

"Yes, sir, I suppose Bob has told you all about it. You are Mr. Bond, I guess."

"I am Mr. Bond, and I am investigating the case. That is all. Oblige me by saying nothing about this conversation to any one."

"All right, sir," and Tom returned to the printery.

"What's the trouble, sir?" asked Tinker.

"It's a private matter."

"If there is anything crooked about the case I hope you won't hold us responsible for printing those statements. We executed the order in good faith," said Tinker.

"There is no reason for you to worry, sir. You probably will hear nothing more about the matter. Good-day."

Mr. Bond had secured all the evidence he needed to incriminate his cashier, and the man's faithlessness was a great shock to him.

He saw that but for Bob he might have become the victim of a systematic robbery, extending over months.

He had always had an excellent opinion of his cash-boy, and now it was greatly increased.

He went to one of the two daily papers and advertised for a competent cashier and also for an assistant bookkeeper, answers to be left at the newspaper office.

Then he went to a restaurant and had his lunch, after which he returned to the store.

He said nothing to Scott that afternoon, and that rascal went on with his work unconscious of what was hanging over his head.

The merchant, however, told him that he would like to have the usual monthly balance sheet submitted next day.

In order to get it out Scott had to remain that evening till eleven o'clock, and he kept Castle to help him.

When he came to the store next morning Mr. Bond called at the newspaper office and received several replies to his advertisement.

He sized them up in his room and sent replies to most of them, asking them to call on Monday morning at half-past eight.

Mr. Bond usually went home early on Saturday, but on this occasion he remained till five o'clock.

By that time Scott had his pay envelopes ready, though he didn't pass them out until ten o'clock, when the store closed.

He called Scott into his private room and shut the door. They were closeted together for three-quarters of an hour, and when the cashier came out his face was white and his hands shook.

He went directly up to Bob.

"You've pickled me, you young monkey, but remember, I'll get square with you if I'm hanged for it!" he hissed.

Mr. Bond followed him into the counting-room.

"Mr. Castle," he said, "your services are no longer required at this store. Get your wages and go now."

The assistant bookkeeper turned white himself.

"What's the matter, Mr. Bond," he faltered. "I've tried to do——"

"Yes, I know; you've tried to do me. In fact, you've helped Mr. Scott do me out of \$100. This was your starter, but it has proved your finish as well. Answer me, sir, is not this false statement in your handwriting?"

Castle looked at the paper.

"I am guilty," he said, in shaky tones, "but——"

"That's enough. Here is your envelope, and here is yours, Mr. Scott."

The two discomfited schemers slunk out of the store—discharged men.

"Robert, as an evidence of my appreciation of your services in this unpleasant affair I will present you with this \$100," said the merchant, handing him some bills.

"I'd rather not be rewarded for what I did, sir. It was only my duty," said Bob.

"Take the money and carry it home with you when you go to supper. I think you had better go right away and get back as soon as you can. I will remain till you return. Instead of \$6 your pay hereafter will be \$7 a week."

"Thank you, sir. I will try to deserve your liberality."

"You have proved that you deserve it. Go now."

Bob put on his hat and left the store, the proprietor, to the surprise of the cash-girls and subsequently to the clerks, taking his place at the window.

CHAPTER VI.

DOWNED IN THE DARK.

To say that Bob was delighted beyond measure at the receipt of \$100, as well as another dollar raise in his wages, would give only a faint idea of his feelings as he hastened homeward.

"The \$100 will put mother on Easy Street with respect to the expense attending the renewal of our mortgage. It will make her as happy as a queen. And the extra dollar on top of it will be a regular windfall," he said to himself. "I'm rolling in luck, and all because I've simply done my duty by the boss. It feels encouraging to have one's efforts appreciated. Mr. Bond is certainly a fine boss. It was one of my lucky days when I went to work for him."

Bob dashed into the house with a whoop.

"Why, Bob, you're home early to-night for your supper. It isn't quite ready yet," said his mother.

"Never mind, give me anything you can dish up. I'm in a hurry to get back to the store," he said. "Whoop!"

"What's the matter with you? You seem to be excited."

"I am excited, and so you'll be when you hear what I have to tell. But don't stand there looking at me. Remember, I've only got a few minutes to eat."

"Haven't you got your usual time?"

"No. The boss is ruling my job while I'm away."

"How is that?"

"Because there's nobody else to do it. The cashier and his helper have both been bounced this afternoon."

"Did you report what you told me to Mr. Bond?"

"No, but I reported something a great deal more important which I discovered last Sunday and have been working up the proofs ever since."

"Is it possible?"

"Yes, I'll tell you all about it when I get home to-night, if you're not asleep."

"So the cashier has been discharged?"

"Yes, and the assistant bookkeeper with him. He was in with Scott."

"Well, well!"

"And here is a present that Mr. Bond gave me for exposing the scheme."

Bob tossed the roll of bills to his mother.

"My gracious!" she exclaimed. "How much is there here?"

"One hundred dollars."

"As much as that?" she ejaculated, in wonder.

"Yes, mother, as much as that and, furthermore, instead of the \$1 raise I have got a \$2 one. My wages are now \$7 a week."

The little widow was quite overpowered by such good fortune.

She could hardly believe her eyes when she counted the bills and found that the roll actually amounted to \$100.

During the foregoing Bob was setting the table and buttering a slice of bread to begin on.

In a few minutes Mrs. Brett had fried a couple of eggs and made the tea.

Bob made his supper off those, with bread and butter and a slice of pie.

Then he rushed back to the store to relieve Mr. Bond.

"I will put the bulk of the day's receipts in the safe, Robert," said Mr. Bond. "The rest you can lock up in that drawer, which contains the pay envelopes. Here is the key. At closing-time you will pay the force off and see that the store is locked up."

"All right, sir," said Bob, feeling of unusual importance.

Then the merchant went home.

"Where's the cashier and bookkeeper to-night?" asked the floorwalker, poking his head in at Bob's window.

"They've gone away."

"How about the trouble you had to-day? Mistake on the cashier's part, wasn't it?"

"Yes."

"I thought so. Nobody in the store believes you would steal a dollar."

"I am much obliged to the clerks and others for their good opinion. Mr. Bond appears to have the same confidence in me."

"Who's going to pay off to-night?"

"I am. I've got charge of the store for to-night."

The floorwalker went away, and before long everybody in the store knew that the cashier and the assistant bookkeeper were away, and they wondered that both should get off on Saturday night, particularly the cashier, whose business it was to be there to pay off.

The fact that this duty had been delegated to Bob Brett showed that the cashier's charge against him was unfounded, and all were pleased to know that.

Business was generally good on Saturday evening, and this Saturday was no exception to the rule.

Finally ten o'clock came around and Bob took his place at the cashier's window where the employees' line formed to receive their pay.

Bob paid no attention to the line, as he would have to lose a lot of time looking over the envelopes for the right one, so he announced that he would call the people by name and then they could come up to the window.

In this way he cleared the pay-roll up quickly and the employees left as soon as they got their money.

The night watchman then locked the store up and Bob went home.

He found Tom Downey outside waiting for him.

"Your boss was at our shop to-day investigating that statement order," was the first thing he said. "I guess it's good-night to your cashier, and perhaps the other chap, too."

"They were both fired this afternoon about five," replied Bob.

"That so? It isn't more than they deserve. I suppose the boss complimented you for making him wise to the crooked business?"

"He thanked me and raised my pay another dollar."

"Another, eh? That makes seven."

"Correct."

"I'm only getting \$7 myself. I ought to get nine."

"What do the regular hands get?"

"Most of them \$12. One of them gets \$14, but he's extra good. I'm referring to the comps."

"Is that the regular pay of printers?"

"I should say not. That's less than two-thirds of the Union scale."

"It is? Why do the men work for that price, then?"

"Because they are chumps, and because there is only one Union job office in the city. The two newspaper offices get the Union scale, on a five-year agreement, I've heard. The men don't get the same price as is paid in big cities, but they get good money. They went on strike a year ago and the question was arbitrated by some chap who came from Indianapolis where the boss Union is. He ought to come again and get the job printers in scab offices like ours to strike for decent pay; then maybe we'd get it. I guess I'd get \$12 in that case."

"Scott knows I was the cause of getting him and Castle discharged and he told me, just before he left, that he'd get square with me if he got hanged for it."

"That's a pretty strong threat. You'd better look out for him."

"I'm not afraid of him."

"I know, but you want to watch out, just the same."

"What can he do?"

"He and Castle might lay for you some Saturday night and lay you out."

"I don't walk with my eyes shut."

"If they intended to get you they'd hide in some doorway and try to take you by surprise."

"Then I'll keep close to the curb; that will give me the chance to run before they could reach me."

"They might throw something at you and knock you down."

Bob made no reply and they parted at the next corner.

Bob had four blocks further to go, and at that hour the streets in his neighborhood were almost deserted, and were, moreover, not extra well lighted.

They were plentifully sprinkled with big trees, too, behind which a person could screen himself from observation.

Bob went along without meeting a soul, until he reached his own block.

Then two forms rushed upon him from the shadow of a tree and downed him before he knew what had happened.

"We've got him," said one, whose voice sounded like Scott's. "Get hold of him and we'll carry him down to the railroad."

"We'd better tie his handkerchief across his mouth," said his companion. "He's liable to get back his senses in a few minutes and yell out."

"Good idea," said the other, and they proceeded to gag Bob.

The boy began to struggle before they got half-way to their destination, but it didn't do him any good.

"What did I tell you," said the second chap, who we may as well admit was Castle, the other being Scott.

They knew the route the boy would take in going straight home and had laid for him with very unfriendly intentions.

The railroad was reached at last—a lonesome stretch along a pocket of the lake, near a culvert.

"We'll tie him down to this track," said Scott. "The express will be along in the course of fifteen minutes, and after it has passed there won't be enough left of him to make a decent funeral."

"Hold on. I didn't agree to anything like that. It's murder!" said Castle.

"What if it is? He's the cause of our being without a job, and I've sworn to do him up," said Scott, fiercely.

"Don't be foolish. The arrangement was to put him in a freight-car and ship him out of the place."

"Do you see any freight-car about here?"

"No. But we can carry him down to the yard, watch our chance and lock him in an empty car going west."

"Do you suppose I'm going to take all that trouble and run the chance of getting caught? Not much."

"Well, I won't have any hand in killing him."

"Bah! You're too squeamish."

"Look yonder, there's an old covered dug-out. We can put him on board of that and after poling the boat into the river let it go where it will."

"That's a magnificent idea of yours," said Scott, sneeringly. "Why, he'd be back in the city before Monday and we'd have had all our trouble for nothing. No, I'm for tying him down on the express track and getting rid of him at once."

"Do it yourself if you want to, I'm out of it."

"Confound you! I thought you said you'd stand in with me?"

"So I will, in anything short of murder. I draw the line at that."

"Your dug-out plan is rotten. If you won't help me do what I want we can't do anything with him to-night."

"Are you going to let him go, then?"

"Not much. We'll carry him over to the old mill yonder and tie him up in the cellar until we decide what other way we can fix him. Nobody ever goes there, so he'll be safe enough."

"All right," said Castle.

So Bob was lifted again and carried half a mile to the old decayed mill, which had once upon a time ground meal for the farmers round about when Chester was a very small town and the country was thinly settled.

The cellar was a dark and dismal place at any time, but particularly so at night, when no sounds but the bullfrogs and katydids broke the silence of the locality, except when the night expresses flashed past, or the night freight rumbled on its cumbersome way westward.

The place was full of debris, and Scott went forward first with lighted matches to get the lay of things.

Poor Bob was finally tightly bound to a post and left in the darkness and solitude to pass the night as best he could.

CHAPTER VII.

BOB'S DISCOVERY.

When the two men went away, intending to return next day, Bob was fully conscious and aware of the identity of his aggressors.

"I didn't expect they would go for me so soon," he muttered, "nor did I look to be held up so close to my house. My, but Scott is a bad chap! He wanted to tie me down to the railroad track where the express would run over me. He evidently meant the threat he uttered to me after he was bounced. They intend to come back in the morning and pickle me in some way, though my life is safe as long as Castle has anything to say."

Not relishing the thought of being pickled, Bob began an effort to release himself from his bonds.

He would never have succeeded, for Scott had taken care to see that he was well secured, had the upright to which he was tied been of ordinary strength.

It was one of the supports of the building, and after a service of fifty years had been attacked by dry rot.

It looked solid enough outside, but inside it was like so much punk.

Bob felt it creak, but did not have any idea that it was likely to give way.

But that is what it suddenly did, and the boy fell forward on his face.

A part of the upright clung to his back, held there by the rope, but Bob soon got rid of it, and the rope as well.

Lighting a match, he began making his way over the debris in the cellar toward the stairs in one corner.

Suddenly he heard the sounds of footsteps and voices above. His first thought was that Scott and Castle had returned. He picked up a stout piece of wood and prepared to surprise them when they came into the cellar.

The steps and voices approached the cellar stairs.

Bob now noticed that the latter sounded in no way like the tones of his two enemies.

Apparently, two other men had come to the old mill for some purpose.

They descended the stairs, assisted by a short piece of lighted candle.

Bob retired to the space under the stairs, where he stood every chance of escaping observation, and awaited developments.

He wanted to be sure of the character of the newcomers before venturing to show himself.

"I guess nobody has been here lately," said the man with the candle.

"The only thing that would draw people to this old place would be the report that a murder had just been committed here," said the other.

"Or if the place accidentally took fire and burned down quite a bunch probably would come out to see the ruins," said the first speaker.

"The things we buried here are safe enough, I guess."

"I judge they are, but I want to make sure. The police might have been here nosing around."

Those words convinced Bob that the two men were shady characters.

"Hello!" ejaculated the other. "Somebody has been down in this cellar since we were here. Look at that broken upright. It was not broken when we buried the swag."

"I guess that's the work of boys. Some kids were probably playing in the building to-day."

The men moved over to a certain spot, pulled some of the debris aside and one of them looked under the pile of rubbish.

"The bags are there all right," he said.

"Then we'd better carry them off with us."

"I think it would be safer to leave them here a month till the police have grown tired of hunting for us. You see, there's quite a lot of the plunder, and if we were seen walking along the road or across the field with those bags on our shoulders people would suspect something, and the first thing we'd know the police would be down upon us. If we didn't have the bags and were pulled in as suspicious characters, nothing could be proved against us, and we'd get off. A month from now, when people have forgotten about the robbery, we can return and walk off with the bags without attracting much notice."

"Where shall we hang out in the meanwhile?"

"A farmer named Jones wants two hands to drive field-wagons, knowledge of farming not of importance. We might try to get the jobs. Wages are \$10 a month and keep."

"Whereabouts is this place?"

"About four miles down the road to Phoenix."

"How did you learn about the jobs? From an advertisement?"

"No. A farmhand I met in a saloon told me about them. He thought I was looking for work."

"We'll call on the farmer in the morning."

"All right. I'll cover the bags up again. We'll carry them off in a month."

The two men, who were evidently professional thieves, then left the cellar.

"I'll bet those are the men who burglarized the Dutton house three night ago. The papers were full of the story next day. The loss was placed at \$15,000, mostly in jewelry and silverware. The burglars didn't get a dollar of money. Mr. Dutton has offered a reward of \$1,000 for the recovery of his property. He can easily afford to give that, for he's president of the Chester Bank, the biggest bank in the city. My, if that's his stolen property I stand to win the reward."

The thought of making \$1,000 greatly excited Bob.

He struck a match and went to the spot where the two bags were hidden.

Pulling some of the rubbish aside he saw two good-sized bags lying side by side under the debris.

With some difficulty he pulled one of them out and lighted another match to look at it.

It was a common cloth bag, fully distended by a lot of hard objects that had been stuffed into it and tested its capacity.

It was tied at the mouth by a piece of thick cord.

Bob undid the cord in the dark, thrust in his hand and pulled out something that felt like a pitcher.

Striking one of his last matches, Bob saw it was a heavy

silver pitcher, and a glance into the bag showed that it was filled with plate.

"I guess this is part of Mr. Dutton's property, for he reported that among other things the thieves took a valuable set of silverware. As those rascals probably won't return to-night, at any rate, I'll re-cover this bag and the first thing in the morning I'll call at Mr. Dutton's house and tell him about my discovery. He'll come here with me, and if he recognizes his property, why, I ought to get the reward, or a part of it, at any rate," thought Bob.

He pushed the bag back, re-covered it as before and left the old mill.

He got home about midnight and found his mother very anxious because he had failed to show up at his usual time.

He explained what had happened to him and said that his aggressors had taken his pay envelope containing his \$7 wages away from him.

His mother was greatly concerned about the attack which had been made on him, and about the loss of the \$7, which was a very serious matter, though not so serious after the receipt of the \$100.

"It's a good thing I didn't have the \$100 with me, too, or I'd have lost that. But never mind, mother, I think I'm going to make more than \$100 through this night's adventure."

"What do you mean?" she asked.

Then he told her about the two men who had visited the cellar of the old mill, and the two bags of stolen property that were hidden there.

"I am satisfied it is the stuff that was stolen the other night from the home of Mr. Dutton. He has offered a reward of \$1,000 for its recovery. Now it looks as if I stood a good show of earning that reward," said Bob.

"A thousand dollars! My goodness!" exclaimed his mother.

"Sounds big, doesn't it?" laughed the boy. "You could pay off half of the mortgage with it, and then all your financial worries would come to an end."

Mrs. Brett thought such a condition of affairs was too good to ever come true, or at least for quite awhile.

Mother and son retired to bed, but Bob was so excited at the prospect of making even a part of the reward offered by the banker that it was some time before he got to sleep.

He was out of bed early, but he could do nothing until after breakfast, which was over at half-past eight, and then he started for the residence of Mr. Dutton, which was one of the best houses in the residential section of Chester.

It stood in its own extensive grounds and backed on an arm of the lake, where the banker had a private wharf and his son Frank had a sloop yacht in which he went out with the boys and girls of his own set.

A thick hedge surrounded the property on three sides.

There was a tall carriage gate in front, through which a driveway led up to an arched porch, and a small, iron gate where visitors on foot went in.

At one end were similar gates for the admission of tradesmen.

Bob entered through the small, iron gate and advanced across the well-kept lawn.

A pretty girl was swinging lazily in a hammock stretched on the end of the porch.

This was Lulu Dutton, the banker's daughter.

She regarded Bob's appearance with some curiosity, wondering who he was and what he wanted.

Bob stepped on the porch and looked at her.

"Well?" said Miss Lulu, inquiringly.

"I called to see Mr. Dutton," said the visitor.

"Ring the bell and the girl will take your name and business," she said.

Bob rang the bell.

In a few minutes a maid appeared.

"I would like to see Mr. Dutton on important business," said Bob.

"I will take your name in to him," she said.

Bob gave his name and the maid went away.

She returned presently and told Bob to follow her.

He was ushered into the library, in a stone wing, where the banker was reading a newspaper.

Pointing to a chair, Mr. Dutton asked him how he could serve him.

"Your house was entered by two burglars last week, who took a considerable amount of valuable property away, according to the account I read in the Daily News," began Bob.

The banker nodded, eyeing his young visitor curiously.

"I think I have discovered where your property was hidden by the burglars, who have not yet carried it very far."

"Indeed!" said the banker, now decidedly interested. "Tell me what you have discovered. I have offered \$1,000 reward

for its recovery. If you know where it is, and I get it all back, you shall have the money."

"I will tell you my story, but to make it intelligible I must add a few things which will not particularly interest you," said Bob.

He then stated that he was the cash-boy at Mr. Bond's dry goods and notions store on Main street.

He explained how he discovered that the cashier and his assistant were working a scheme to steal money from the proprietor.

"I exposed the game to Mr. Bond and the two men were discharged late yesterday," continued Bob. "The cashier told me before he left that he would get square with me for bringing about the exposure. I paid little attention to him. We work on Saturday evenings till ten o'clock, and it was close on to eleven when I reached the block in which I live."

Bob then told how he was suddenly assaulted in the dark by the cashier and his confederate, who were laying for him, carried down to the railroad, where the cashier proposed to tie him to the track over which the night express, almost due, ran westward.

"Castle objected to taking a hand in murder, so, after some discussion, they carried me to the old mill, took me into the cellar, bound me to a post and left me," went on Bob. "As I didn't care to stay there I put up a struggle to get free. This probably would not have been a success and I would be there yet, but that the post gave way. Now I come to the part that I believe concerns you, sir. I was leaving the cellar when two men appeared. Not caring to show myself after my recent experience until I found out whether the men were honest or not, I hid under the stairs. From their conversation I learned they had robbed a house, and it soon turned out that their booty was hidden under a pile of refuse. After they went away I looked under the debris and saw two bags full of something. I opened one and discovered that it contained silverware, and it seemed to be real silver. I remembered that you had been robbed of a set of silverware among other things, so covering the bags up again I went home and now I have come here to tell you about it."

The banker jumped up.

"I will get out my auto and we will go to the old mill. If the bags contain my stolen property the reward shall be yours without question," he said.

Fifteen minutes later they were rolling out of the big gate.

CHAPTER VIII.

BOB WINS THE REWARD.

It didn't take the auto very long to cover the distance to the old mill.

The county road ran close to the ancient building, which stood back perhaps a hundred yards.

A lane, almost obliterated by tangled vegetation, took the car right up to the door of the mill.

Provided with a candle, they entered the cellar and Bob uncovered the two bags.

Opening the one he had looked into he took out the pitcher.

The banker declared it belonged to him, pointing to his monogram engraved on it.

Bob pulled out several articles and Mr. Dutton recognized them all.

"There seems to be no doubt that these bags contain what was taken from my house and I am delighted to recover it. We will put the bags in the auto and take them to the house. Your strenuous adventure last night seems to have earned you a thousand dollars, which will rather surprise your enemies when they hear about it. You had better put the police on them without delay."

The two bags were removed to the car and they began their return trip.

During it Bob told the banker that the burglars talked about getting a job with a farmer named Jones, who lived near Phoenix.

"If the police went to the farm to-day they might catch the fellows," he said.

Mr. Dutton said he would communicate with the authorities on the subject and also notify them that he had recovered his stolen property.

There was great joy at the Dutton house when the bags of silverware and other stolen property were emptied out in the dining-room and their contents found to correspond with what was missing.

Bob was regarded by the family as a sort of hero, and he suddenly found himself on excellent terms with Frank and Lulu Dutton.

When he left the house it was with the knowledge that a \$1,000 check was coming his way next day.

He went to the station-house and told his story of how he had been attacked by Scott and Castle and confined by them in the cellar of the old mill.

He swore out a warrant against them and told the police that the addresses of the rascals would be found in the directory.

Two officers were detailed to arrest the men, but neither was caught.

They had visited the mill that morning soon after Bob and the banker were there, and finding that the boy had made his escape they concluded that they had better leave the city for a while.

Officers visited the Jones farm and learned that two men answering Bob's description, which was somewhat vague, as he did not get a very good look at them in the dark cellar, had been there that morning looking for a job which they did not get.

What direction they had gone on leaving the farmer could not say.

The officers went on to Phoenix and made inquiries there, but nobody had seen the men, so they returned to Chester and reported their non-success.

Two other officers were sent to the mill to lie in wait there, on the chance that they might come there after their plunder.

Next morning's Daily News had the story of the recovery of the banker's stolen property through the efforts of Bob Brett.

It gave the particulars of the attack made on Bob the night before by the two men discharged from the Bond store through his means.

Most of the clerks in the store read the News before they arrived there, and consequently now understood why the cashier and assistant bookkeeper were not attending to their duties in the counting-room on Saturday evening.

As the paper stated that the \$1,000 reward offered by the banker would be paid to Bob he found himself a personage of considerable importance that morning.

He was the subject of all the conversations between the clerks, and the little cash-girls looked at him with wide-open eyes.

Mr. Bond, of course, read what was printed in the News, and he was not a little astonished.

He had not intended to tell any one about the cause which led to the disappearance from his office of Scott and Castle, but Bob had given enough away to make the matter quite clear.

He was not put out because his cash-boy had given out the information, because he had been obliged to do it in order to explain the cause of the attack made upon him by the two rascals.

By their act they had brought the public exposure upon themselves, and therefore Mr. Bond felt relieved of any responsibility in the matter.

He was glad that Bob had won the reward, for he believed the boy fully deserved it, and would use the money to good advantage.

When he reached the store he had a short talk with Bob at his window, and congratulated him on his good fortune.

A new cashier and an assistant bookkeeper were hired that day and Mr. Bond spent some time in explaining things to the former.

His name was Walter Peck, and the new bookkeeper's name was Fred Carter.

A messenger from the bank brought Bob the promised check and he carried it home to his mother, who got it cashed and put it in the bank with her other money.

It was agreed that the mortgage should be renewed for \$1,000.

The burglars must have read what was printed in the Daily News, for they did not go near the old mill again, and the police had to give their capture up as a bad job.

Tom Downey was quite staggered when he read the News that morning.

Bob and he had not gone sailing the day before, nor had they come together, which was unusual.

Tom called twice at Bob's house, but on both occasions Nellie Brett, who had got back from her vacation, told him that her brother was out and she did not know when he would get back, so Tom went out sailing with another friend of his.

Tom couldn't get to Bob's house any too quick on Monday evening.

Bob was just finishing his supper when he arrived.

"Say, is that all true about you I saw in the paper this morning, and in the afternoon edition, too?" asked Tom.

"Yes. It is true," returned Bob.

"Great Scott! What luck you tumbled into! You've made \$1,000."

"Yes. I've got the check in the house. Want to see it?"

Tom said he guessed he'd like to see a check for such a sum, so Mrs. Brett let him look at it.

"My! that's a lot of money," he said. "What are you going to do with it, Bob?"

"I've given it to my mother."

"What, all of it?"

"Every cent."

"How about the \$100 you got Saturday?"

"I've given her that, too."

"Well, I wasn't wrong when I told you those chaps would try to take you by surprise."

"They did take me by surprise. I didn't expect they would go for me so soon."

"Did you have them arrested?"

"The officers went after them, but I haven't heard that they have been caught."

"They might have skipped out of the city."

"So much the better, provided they do not come back."

"The police are looking for the burglars, the paper said."

"Probably they will be arrested in a day or two."

"Say, there was a man called an organizer around at our office at noon to-day talking with the men."

"What about?"

"He wants to make a Union shop of it with others that he is working up. The foreman told him there was no chance of such a thing, as the bosses were opposed to organized labor. After he went away the comps got talking the matter over themselves. They liked the idea, because if it went through it would mean a big boost in their wages. However, there isn't the least chance that Tucker & Tinker will agree. They couldn't take work near so cheap as they do now if they had to pay Union wages."

"Couldn't they get the work if they charged more?"

"They work for customers who look for cheap prices."

"If all the job printing offices went into the Union and charged higher rates their customers would have to pay them, wouldn't they?"

"They surely would if they wanted to get the work done."

"Then the offices ought to go into the Union and pay decent wages all around."

"Sure they ought, but they won't."

"Well, the printer who does our work pays Union wages, or at least a scale that the Union has accepted, and he gets along all right. It's the best and biggest office in the city. If he can make it pay I don't see why the others can't."

"Too much competition and cutting of prices."

"But our printer gets lots of work at good prices."

"He does the best work, I guess."

"Because he employs Union printers?"

"I guess so. As he pays good wages he can get the best men. Tucker & Tinker pays any old price and they get printers who are willing to work for low wages. None of them stay long—that is, no good comp does. We sometimes catch a real good chap who is on his uppers and has to work or starve. If he hasn't a card he can't get on at your printer's, so he has to work where he can."

"Did that organizer talk to your bosses?"

"No, but he probably will."

"Do you think he'll do anything in this place?"

"He talked as if he was wound up for business. It wouldn't surprise me if he brought about a strike in all the offices."

"Including yours?"

"I don't know about our place. I don't believe that half our comps are good enough to hold a job in a Union office if they had cards."

"Then it wouldn't pay them to join the Union."

"It would in the long run. They might improve in time. I'm going to quit the shop if one or two other offices become unionized. There is no future in Tucker & Tinker's for me. I intend to be a good printer or quit the business. A man who doesn't know his trade is no credit to himself. A man who does can nearly always get work at right wages."

"That's right. If I was learning a trade I'd learn it from the ground floor up. I'm learning office work at present, but I expect some day to do better than a bookkeeper or cashier. Our store is growing with the city, and some day Mr. Bond will need a manager to help him run the store. I'm looking for that job."

"There's nothing slow about you," grinned Tom.

"I hope not. The world is too rapid for the slow man to-day. There are plums to be got everywhere, and those are the things for a boy to aim after. I believe in aiming high. You may not reach the mark, but you're bound to be better off for it."

"Then I guess I'll aim to be the foreman of a shop," said Tom.

Then he picked up his hat and said it was time for him to get home for he had to be up at half-past six.

The following afternoon's paper announced that the printers at Tucker & Tinker's had struck at noon that day for higher wages.

CHAPTER IX.

BOB'S PERSEVERANCE IS REWARDED

Bob found the new cashier and the new assistant bookkeeper very nice persons.

They seemed to understand that he stood high in the proprietor's estimation, although he was only a cash-boy.

Doubtless they had read in the papers how he had brought about the discharge of their predecessors by getting on to their crooked business, and this fact probably made them entertain considerable respect for him.

At any rate, they treated him very nicely and he responded in kind.

When Bob left the store at six he found Tom outside waiting for him.

"Heard the news?" Tom asked.

"What news?"

"It's in the evening paper. All hands quit the shop at noon to-day."

"What for?" asked Bob, in some surprise.

"For more money. We want higher wages."

"I hope you'll get it. In the meantime you're out of work."

"Yes."

"I'll speak to Mr. Bond in the morning and see if he'll try and get you a place at our printer's. You can join the Union as an apprentice, can't you?"

"Yes."

"All right. I'll do the best I can for you."

Bob kept his word and asked Mr. Bond to speak to his printer.

The merchant agreed to write a letter recommending Bob's friend.

The result of the matter was that Tom was taken on at Caslon's printing office and was immediately made a member of the Union.

The strike at Tucker & Tinker's was compromised, the men getting a small raise.

Two weeks later there was a general strike of all the job offices, except Caslon's.

That office got a lot of work in consequence that wouldn't have otherwise come there, and the shop had to work overtime many nights.

In the end the Union gained all the offices except Tucker & Tinker's, and two or three other small ones.

Business was not slow at Bob's place that summer.

The city took on a boom and many new people came there to live.

On the first of September Mr. Bond rented the store next door and connected the two stores with an arched doorway.

He moved his notions department into the next store and added extensively to his dry goods business.

He added a shoe department next door for ladies and children.

He also made other additions.

This made a lot more work for his office and counting-room.

He did away with Bob's job as cash-boy, and in his place put a girl cashier in each department.

Bob was made second assistant bookkeeper, under the first assistant, and his wages raised to \$9.

As he had very little knowledge of bookkeeping, Bob started to attend the night session of a commercial college.

He made rapid progress, for he was anxious to get ahead, and being helped along by the assistant bookkeeper his work gave perfect satisfaction.

Bob had many chances to get acquainted with the general details of the business, and he took advantage of them.

He picked up a lot more than was expected of him.

His object was to get higher than the counting-room.

He really didn't care to be a bookkeeper, though he wanted to be a good one, just the same.

Along about Thanksgiving he heard the cashier tell the second bookkeeper that the boss was going to hire a man to help him attend to the details of the store.

There was nothing slow about Bob, as his friend Tom had remarked.

At the first chance he asked Mr. Bond for an interview.

He stated that he had overheard the cashier say he was going to get a man to help him run the store.

"Now, sir, as my ambition lies in that direction, and not in the routine of a counting-room, perhaps you might see your way to giving me the job," said Bob.

The merchant smiled.

"I'd be glad to do so, Robert, but I'm afraid you haven't had enough experience to qualify you for the duties of an assistant manager. It's only three months ago that you graduated from cash-boy to an assistant bookkeeper."

"I know that, sir, but I've learned a whole lot in those three months. I knew from the way business has been increasing that you'd soon have to get a person to help you, and I've been doing my best to pick up a knowledge in that direction. If you would take me right under your eye and give me a trial I feel sure I'll make good—as good as anybody you could hire. It will take some of your time, of course, but I think that in the long run you'll find the investment will pay. The fact that I may seem too young for such a position is against me, I know, but you'll never find an assistant who will devote more time and attention to your interests than I will. Try me for a week and see how I pan out. If I fail to give you every satisfaction I am willing to go back to my present duties and await another chance."

Thus spoke Bob, and the earnest and energetic way he advanced his claims were not lost on the merchant.

Instead of smiling again at the boy's pretensions he started in to find out how much the lad really did know about the details of the store.

Bob's knowledge surprised him.

"How did you learn so much?"

"By keeping my eyes and ears well employed and giving all my attention to your business. I never told you that it was by using my eyes that I first began to suspect Scott of petty stealings. A man who will pilfer a nickel is quite likely to try for larger sums when the chance offers. While it was mainly an accident that betrayed Scott's statement scheme to me, still I'd have caught him at it sooner or later, for I was watching him closely," said Bob.

"You seem to have the power of observation, and that's a prime qualification for the position you are aspiring to," said Mr. Bond.

After a long talk with the boy he came to the conclusion that it might be to his interest to train the boy up as his general assistant in the store.

It was a responsible position and he wanted to get a person in whom he could have perfect confidence.

He was satisfied he could depend on Bob, and when he had been trained he would be just the assistant that he wanted.

He told Bob he would think it over and let him know his decision in a day or two.

He decided to give Bob a trial in certain duties, and if he showed up well he would begin the training process at once.

So Bob was temporarily removed from the counting-room and another assistant to the bookkeeper hired for the time being.

Bob tackled his new duties like a house afire.

He was dead anxious to hold on to his new line of action, for it was thoroughly in accord with his ambition.

Mr. Bond kept close tab on him, for he was interested himself in the result of the experiment.

At the end of the first week he was pleased with the result so far.

At the end of the second week Bob's improvement was so marked that the merchant felt he had made no mistake in giving the boy the chance he had asked for.

Two weeks before Christmas the store began to keep open every night and Bob was put in complete charge at night.

Many things arose that required adjustment, and Bob had to settle them according to his best judgment, and next day he reported what he had done to Mr. Bond.

The clerks began to wake up to the fact that the late cash-boy was developing into the assistant manager of the store.

His attitude toward the old help, whom he knew so well, had changed completely.

He was no longer hail-fellow-well-met with them, but was reserved, dignified and polite to them.

Every once in awhile a clerk or salesgirl was reported for some shortcoming, real or imagined, and the case always came up to the boy.

His sympathy was always with the employees, and he gave them the benefit of any doubt, but when they really were in the wrong he let them understand it, but in a way that won their respect and enhanced regard, and caused them to try and not to repeat the delinquency.

He tried to make it plain to the employees that he was their

friend, but at the same time that he required the best service they could render.

Owing to his youth the new salespeople rather resented a call-down from him.

Some of the girls got huffed, while the men showed an independent spirit.

Bob's firm and courteous way of handling them soon brought them to their senses, and he made friends where some persons would have created enemies.

Thus matters went on to the first of the year, and then Bob was officially announced as the assistant manager of the store and his wages placed at \$20 a week.

CHAPTER X.

WHAT CAME TO BOB BY EXPRESS.

One morning an express wagon stopped at the store and a small, important-looking package, addressed to Robert Brett, Esq., was delivered at the counting-room, charges paid.

The cashier handed it to Bob when he came in there half an hour afterward.

Bob looked at it curiously and wondered who could have sent it to him and what it contained.

It was tightly corded up and sealed on the back with red wax.

From the shape and feel it appeared to be a wooden box.

It was not heavy.

"I can't imagine who could have sent me this," he said.

"There is nothing on the wrapper indicating the sender."

"Probably you'll find a letter inside," said the cashier.

Bob cut the cord with a scissors and pulled off the wrapper.

That exposed a double layer of cotton-batting.

"It must be something fragile for the sender to take all that trouble," said the boy, as he started to remove the batting.

Then an oblong box, with a sliding cover made out of thin, white wood, came to light.

There was no letter, or even a slip of paper, from the sender.

Bob was about to insert his finger-nail in the indentation of the cover to slide it off when the office boy appeared and told him that Mr. Bond wanted to see him in his room.

The young assistant manager put the box down on the edge of the copying-press table and went to see the proprietor.

While he was away the office stenographer came in and handed the cashier three or four typewritten letters, with envelopes to match, for him to look over and sign.

She asked for the postal guide—a thick, paper-covered book containing the names of all the post-offices in the country, alphabetically arranged by States.

It stood in its place among a collection of other books on a shelf above the copying-press.

The cashier pointed to the shelf and the girl went over and reached for the book.

Being short of stature, she was just able to get it by standing on her toes.

A small, heavy, cloth-covered book rested partly on top of the guide, and when she pulled the guide out the other book was displaced and fell square upon the thin, wooden box which had come to Bob by express.

Its weight crushed in the box and a flash and loud report followed.

The girl uttered a shrill shriek and, staggering back, fell in a heap close to the cashier.

In a moment the whole store was the scene of great excitement.

The report and the scream from the counting-room gave the impression that somebody had shot one of the girls, and for a moment customers and salespeople were panic-stricken.

Many of the former started for the street, while others turned pale and looked in the direction of the office, where a thin cloud of dark smoke could be seen rising above the top of the glass partition.

The report and the scream were naturally heard quite plainly in the private room office, and brought Mr. Bond and Bob out with a rush to see what had happened.

They saw the cashier lifting the motionless stenographer from the floor.

"Great heavens! What has happened?" ejaculated the merchant.

"There was an explosion at the copying-press where Miss Allen was standing in the act of getting down the postal-guide," replied the cashier. "She fell to the floor with a scream. That's all I know about it."

"An explosion! I thought it was a pistol shot. There's a strong smell of some powerful chemical in here and there is

some smoke. What could have been near the press to explode? Is the girl badly hurt? Telephone for a doctor, Robert."

Bob hastened to do so, full of wonder at the occurrence.

When he got back he found a crowd of employees around the office.

The stenographer was in the hands of two of the girls and had come to.

Apparently she was suffering mainly from the shock, but there were cuts on one of her arms, as from flying missiles, and her dress was not only torn in several places, but pieces of metal were adhering to it.

An examination of the copying-press and table showed it to be cut up, and the woodwork behind it was stuck full of bits of metal and large tacks.

The book which had caused the trouble lay on the floor beside the press and one of the covers was badly cut up, several tacks and small pieces of metal sticking right through it into the printed pages.

In the excitement, Bob forgot all about the box he had laid on the press until his eyes rested on the wrapper and cotton in the waste-paper basket.

Then his attention was drawn to splinters of white wood lying around the end of the room.

Quick as a flash the truth occurred to him.

The box sent to him by express had contained some kind of an infernal machine, intended to explode in the hands when he removed, or tried to remove, the sliding cover.

He had read in the papers about such a contrivance which had blinded a man in a big city and otherwise maimed him.

He shuddered as he thought of his narrow escape.

He at once called the attention of the mystified proprietor to the box, now no more, which had been delivered by an expressman, addressed to him, only a short time before.

"It was evidently sent by some enemy and had you not sent for me when you did I'd have got the full benefit of the explosion and it might have finished me," he said.

The cashier and his assistant corroborated Bob's story of the arrival of the box, and producing the wrapper and the cotton-batting, with the cord, showed how carefully it had been done up to prevent any accident happening en route.

"Who could have sent that to you?" asked Mr. Bond, with a serious expression.

"I couldn't tell you, sir. I don't like to think that Scott, our ex-cashier, did it. He is the only person who is down on me enough to attempt such a thing."

"You know of no other enemy, I suppose?"

"No, sir."

"Then it must have been that rascal. Telephone for the police to send an officer here to make an investigation. You, Mr. Peck, have this room carefully gone over for all the scraps and put them together, with the wrapper and cotton lining. This is a most astounding outrage. That poor girl might have been killed or injured for life. It is providential that she escaped with the shock and a few scratches. She must go home for the rest of the day," said Mr. Bond.

The excitement in the store was gradually allayed and things settled down, but the report that one of Mr. Bond's salesgirls had been shot in the store spread to the street and neighborhood and caused a considerable crowd to gather around both entrances.

This drew a policeman to the scene, who was told by several in the crowd that a girl had been shot in the store.

He entered to find out whether that was the case or not.

He was met by Bob, who gave him the true facts of the case.

While they were talking a detective from the station-house, in response to the boy's 'phone request, came in.

He proceeded at once with an investigation, while the policeman went outside and dispersed the crowd, telling the curious that there had been no shooting in the store.

Some person 'phoned the office of the Daily News that a girl had been shot in the Bond Department Store, and a reporter on the evening staff was sent to investigate.

He arrived while the detective was gathering points.

He learned from the floorwalker most of the true facts and then came up to the cashier's window for further information.

He was referred to Bob, who admitted the receipt of an infernal machine, which had exploded while standing on the copying-press table while he was out of the room.

He declined to make any statement as to whom he suspected as the author of the outrage, nor would he admit whether there was a clew to the perpetrator.

The reporter secured enough information to write up a thriller for the first page of the afternoon edition.

The detective carried away all the evidence of the machine,

and also the boy's statement that the only person he suspected was Donald Scott, the store's former cashier, who had threatened to get square with him.

The express company was applied to for facts regarding the shipper.

The company reported that the package was sent from Buffalo, but there was no trace of the sender at its office there.

The Buffalo police was put on the job, but without result.

If Scott was the guilty one he had taken care to cover up his tracks.

So nothing came of the investigation, which took some time.

Bob was very thankful for his narrow escape, and Mr. Bond was just as thankful that neither his young manager nor the stenographer suffered from the dastardly outrage worked by an enemy in the dark.

CHAPTER XI.

THE STAG PARTY.

On the morning after the story was printed in the afternoon edition of the News, Bob received a letter from Banker Dutton congratulating him on his escape from the infernal machine.

Miss Lulu Dutton and her mother dropped in at the store that day and after making some purchases asked for Bob.

He appeared in his neat business suit, and they thought he looked ever so much improved over the first time they had met him when he was instrumental in restoring their stolen property.

They were greatly surprised to learn that he had become the assistant manager of the store.

"You must be a very smart boy," remarked Mrs. Dutton.

Bob smiled and blushed some.

He believed that he was smart—his rise in the store justifying his belief.

Miss Lulu regarded him in a different light to what she had done before and showed it in her manner toward him.

Next day Frank Dutton came around, congratulated him on his escape and invited him to call on him at his house any time it would be convenient for him to do so.

Bob said he would be glad to do so some evening.

Of course, Tom got around to Bob's house as soon as he read in the Evening News the particulars of the infernal machine, which he did on his way home from Caslon's printing office.

"Gee! You had a hot time at the store to-day!" he said when he came in.

"You've read about it, I suppose?"

"How else would I have heard of it? Who sent you that bomb—Scott?"

"I have no evidence that he did."

"But you suspect him, don't you? The moment I read the story I said to myself 'that's the work of Scott.'"

"Well, he's the only person I know of who holds a grudge against me," admitted the young manager.

"You forgot those two crooks who lost their plunder through you. Maybe they sent the bomb to get square."

"I forgot about them. It is possible."

"It's my opinion, though, that Scott sent it. He showed a murderous feeling toward you when he wanted to tie you to the railroad track that night."

"Somebody sent it, at any rate."

"Nothing surer, for it couldn't have sent itself, and somebody had to make it. The paper said it was full of tacks and pieces of metal, and some kind of an explosive chemical, the nature of which had not been determined."

"That's right. Probably there were mattes inside so arranged that when the cover was pulled off, for it was a sliding one, they would ignite and set off the explosive. As a person would naturally hold such a box within a foot of his face, you can imagine what would happen to him when he pulled off the cover. Only a consciousnessless scoundrel would get up such a villainous device and send it to his intended victim."

"The ordinary capital punishment is too easy a finish for such a man. The paper said that the fall of a heavy book set it off."

"Yes. The copying-press stood between the stenographer and the box, fortunately for her, and the book also helped to save her. As it was, she did not wholly escape, though she suffered no material injury."

"Where did the box come from? Oh, yes, the express company said from Buffalo. The rascal, whoever he is, is there. I suppose the police of that place have been asked to look him up."

"I suppose so."

That practically ended the discussion about the infernal machine for the time being.

In the end the sender of the bomb remained a mystery. Of course, the rascal learned through the papers that the attempt on Bob's life had failed.

Several weeks passed away, during which Bob got on very friendly terms with the Dutton family, particularly Frank and Lulu.

His social standing was hardly good enough for him to be received into their set, but they accepted him as a friend themselves.

The banker was satisfied that Bob was an unusual kind of a boy, who was making his mark early, and was pretty certain to turn out a successful business man.

In his opinion, such a boy deserved every consideration.

Spring was well advanced and Bob and Tom had resumed their boating on the lake.

It was about this time that Bob received an invitation from Frank Dutton to go out in his sloop-yacht with a stag party of his friends on Friday evening.

The party met at the Dutton home and had a special supper together.

Bob was introduced as the assistant manager of the Bond Department Store, and such an important position caused the rest of the boys to regard him with favor, though they knew that he was not socially their equal.

Among boys out on a pleasure jaunt the social line was not drawn very tight.

Bob looked and acted as a good fellow and he was accepted as such.

The party embarked and started for the island where the picnics were held.

It was a bright night, and the moon would be up later on.

The wind was not very strong, but the yacht was fast on a light breeze.

There was good fishing all over the lake, but particularly in the neighborhood of the picnic island.

The yacht lay close to the island and fishing tackle was got out and the sport began.

The fish took to the bait offered and by the time the moon rose the party had taken on board all they wanted.

They then ran in to the island and went ashore.

After holding a sort of high jinks in and about the empty building until eleven o'clock, they returned to the shore and started to prepare a fish supper.

While the party was thus employed, two men came lounging on the scene.

"Hello, young gents!" said one. "I see you're cooking something. P'raps you wouldn't mind dividing a bit with a couple of half-starved gents about our size?"

"How came you to be half-starved?" asked Frank Dutton.

"Well, you see, we came out here yesterday to take a look around; our boat got away from us and we've been here ever since without a mouthful. That's why those fish you've got on the fire look mighty good to us," said the man.

Bob, who was lying on the ground in the shadow of the trees and shrubbery that lined the shore, regarded the two strangers with some curiosity.

They looked familiar to him, and the voice of the chap who was doing the talking seemed familiar, too.

At first he was a bit puzzled to think where he had run across them, but in a few minutes it suddenly struck him that they were the two burglars he had seen in the cellar of the old mill.

Frank Dutton promised the man that he and his companion should share in their repast and also promised to carry them back to the city.

"You're a trump, young gent. What might be your name?"

"It might be Smith, or Jones, but it isn't," laughed Frank. "It happens to be Dutton."

The man exchanged a look with his companion and they went and sat down a short distance away.

Then Bob called Frank over and told him who he suspected the men were.

"Are you sure of it?" said Frank, a bit startled.

"I couldn't swear to it, but I'd be willing to make a small bet on it."

"And I've promised to feed them," said Frank.

"That won't matter. They can't do us any harm for there are too many of us. You've promised to take them across. I wish you hadn't for then we could send the police over here to investigate them. I guess they've been hanging out here on the quiet, figuring perhaps on some job to raise the wind. Their boat might have got adrift and it might not. They may not be anxious to leave the island, but it would look suspicious, under the circumstances, if they refused your offer. Doubtless, if they're the chaps I think they are, they stole the boat that

brought them here. If they mean to return they'll steal another. They ought to be watched."

"I'll telephone the police about them from the house."

"But you won't know where they will go after you have landed them."

"It will be up to the police to catch them."

"The police failed to land them before, supposing, of course, they're the same."

"I don't see that we can do anything to hold them."

Their conversation was carried on in a low tone, and at this point the boys who were acting as cooks announced that supper was ready.

Two loaves of bread were brought from the yacht, with tin plates, cups, cheap knives and forks and other articles Frank had provided and kept aboard for the outings he was accustomed to go on from time to time.

A plate of fish, with bread and butter and coffee, was handed to each of the strangers and they proceeded to eat it like hungry men.

The boys enjoyed their own repast hugely and paid no further attention to the men, who kept their distance.

At the end of the meal a kettle of water was heated and the dishes washed and returned on board the yacht.

Then a foot-race in the moonlight was proposed by one and the others fell in with the idea.

Frank had temporarily forgotten the strangers and he eagerly entered the race.

Before Bob knew what was on the tapis the bunch were off across the grass.

Bob had not forgotten the strangers and, as he did not trust them, he walked down to the yacht and stepped on board.

The strangers got up and followed him.

"I s'pose we can come aboard now," said the spokesman. "We've been promised a passage across to the city."

"You'll have to wait till the fellows get back. They won't be gone more than a few minutes," replied Bob.

"We'd prefer to come aboard now," said the stranger, in a somewhat aggressive tone.

"Keep back!" cried Bob, as the man lifted his foot to step in.

"Don't waste your breath, young fellow. We're coming aboard."

Bob sprang on the roof of the trunk cabin and picked up the boat-hook.

While he was doing that both men stepped into the cockpit.

"Put that toothpick down!" said the first man, drawing a revolver and covering the boy. "Drop it quick, or I'll drop you!"

Seeing that the rascal could shoot him before he could swing the boat-hook, he dropped it.

"That's right, sonny. I like to see a chap act sensible. Now, Switzer, get out on shore and slip the for'ard moorings, and then the aft one. Then we'll hoist sails and be off."

The man called Switzer lost no time in carrying out directions, and just as the crowd of racers were returning to the shore they were astonished to see sail hoisted on the yacht and the little craft glide out on the lake.

CHAPTER XII.

BOB TAKES A TUMBLE AND FINDS SOMETHING.

"Here, what you fellows doing?" cried Frank, rushing down to the water's edge.

He recognized the two strangers in charge of his boat, and he was much astonished to see Bob standing forward, close to the mast.

"We're just going for a little sail, young gent," grinned the man. "We'll be back one of these days and let you have your boat."

"What does this mean, Bob?" shouted Frank.

"These fellows have captured your boat and I haven't anything to say about it," returned the young manager.

"Right you are!" said the man. "Now sit down and keep quiet, or I'll blow your roof off!"

Bob had half a mind to jump overboard and swim back, but he concluded not to.

The water was cold, the night chilly, and nothing would be gained by doing so.

On the contrary, if the men only wanted the boat to escape from the island, he would be able to sail her back and take the party off.

Instead of aiming for the city wharves, the chief rascal, who was at the tiller, turned her head toward the big island where the hotel stood, guarded by a watchman.

The wind was still light, but the yacht made very fair progress under her mainsail and jib.

In a few minutes the picnic island and the discomfited stag party were left behind.

"Now, Switzer, you can fetch that young chap aft," said the rascal who had assumed the lead.

Switzer, who had finished setting the jib, caught Bob by the shoulder and told him to get a move on.

"I'd rather stay where I am. I don't care for your company," said Bob.

"So! Vell, you vill do as ve vish or somedings vill happen to you. Maybe you fall overboard. Such dings happen sometimes when you ain't looking for it."

As the man spoke significantly, Bob decided to go aft.

"Well, sonny, can you sail a boat—this one, for instance?" said the other chap.

"Maybe I can," answered Bob.

"How do you like taking a sail with a couple of real gents like us?"

"I don't like it," said the boy, frankly.

"This here is only a lark on our part, ain't it, Switzer?"

Switzer agreed with him.

The fellow chuckled.

"What's your name, sonny?"

"Tom Jones."

"Well, Tom Jones, do you know a boy in Chester named Bob Brett?"

"Yes."

"Good! He wasn't in that crowd on the island, was he?"

"He was."

"Hear that, Switzer? If we only had known that before."

"What do you want with Bob Brett?"

"We'd like to see him alone for a few minutes, wouldn't we, Switzer?"

His companion uttered a growl like a surly beast.

"If we had him here instead of you we'd like it first rate."

"Why?"

"That's our business, sonny. We've got a few things to say to him."

"Maybe he wouldn't care to listen to you."

"Oh, he'd listen to us all right, wouldn't he, Switzer?"

Switzer intimated that he thought he would.

Although the man who appeared to be running things spoke in a kind of jesting tone, Bob understood the significance that lay underneath it.

If he had disclosed his identity he was satisfied that the two rascals would get back at him for having done them out of the Dutton loot.

They might go so far as to toss him into the bay with his hands tied.

By this time they were close to the island where the hotel stood.

They ran the yacht alongside of the steamboat wharf and made her fast.

"Now, sonny, we're going ashore awhile to inspect the rooms we expect to occupy at the hotel this summer," chuckled the steersman. "We're going to leave you aboard. As you might take a sudden notion to sail off and leave us here we will tie you to the mast in the cabin. That will keep you out of mischief. Fetch a piece of line with you."

The first rascal marched the boy into the cabin and, with Switzer's help, bound him securely to the mast.

"Ve vill gag him, yes?" said Switzer.

"What's the use? There's no one around here to hear him if he should shout murder. Come on."

They left the cabin and the yacht, and Bob heard their footsteps die away up the wharf.

Then complete silence reigned around him.

Bob couldn't see what object the pair of rascals had in visiting that island.

Everything of real value to the hotel had been locked up all winter, ever since the previous season closed.

The watchman was in charge mainly to protect the property against vandals.

Petty thieves would steal some parts of the plumbing if they got the chance, and carry off many other articles.

Probably the men thought they might find something that would pay them.

Bob hoped the watchman would put a ball into one or both of them.

Remembering how he had escaped from the cellar of the mill, the young manager made an effort to free himself of the rope with which he was bound.

He tugged at his bonds, but his efforts were unavailing.

An hour passed and then his captors returned, carrying a lot of stuff with them.

They threw their plunder on one of the lockers, and paying

no attention to their prisoner, they put off from the island and sailed away.

Their course took them past the small island mentioned in the first part of this story, and they put in there.

After securing the yacht by the mooring-rope they entered the cabin, released Bob and marched him ashore.

"As we don't want you any longer, young fellow, we're going to leave you here," said the chief rascal. "In the morning you can hail the first boat you see and ask to be taken off. By that time we'll be on our way elsewhere."

The men then cast off and made for the shore, leaving Bob marooned on the island.

As there was no chance of his getting off that night, he philosophically decided to make the best of an unpleasant situation.

He made his way to the shanty where he had overheard the conversation between Scott and Castle and entered the place. There was nothing in it but dust and a few bits of debris.

This much Bob saw with the aid of a match.

Not liking the idea of lying down on the dirty floor, Bob went outside to get some grass to brush up a clean space.

When he had done this he felt that he must have a pillow of some kind to rest his head on.

"I'll get a big bunch of grass and spread my jacket over it," he thought.

As the grass around the shanty was quite wet, he went in among the trees to get it, where it was comparatively dry.

While he was thus engaged he backed against a small gully in the darkness, lost his balance and fell backward into it.

This would have amounted to nothing, as the ground was soft, but something else happened.

The earth gave away under him and down he went into a deep hole under a thick copse of bushes.

There he stayed, for his head struck a stone or other hard substance and his senses drifted away from him.

It was nearly two o'clock when he fell into the place, and daylight came upon the face of Nature before he recovered consciousness.

Daylight, however, did not penetrate into the hole where he lay in a confused heap, with one leg pointing at an acute angle upward and the other lying out horizontally.

At first his mind was in a state of great confusion.

He imagined that he was at home in bed and that it was night.

He started to roll over and that brought his leg down with a rush.

He put out his hands and felt the loose earth around him and one of the walls of the hole.

"Where in thunder am I? This isn't a bed."

Then his mind began to clear and he remembered the events of the preceding night, one after another, until they culminated in his fall.

He felt in his pocket for a match and lit it to get a line on the place he was in, and the way out.

Above his head hung the roots of numerous bushes imbedded in a layer of earth.

Behind and on either side were walls of earth smelling of partly decayed vegetation.

Around and ahead of him was earth in heaps that had fallen in, all roofed over with bushes or their roots.

It looked as if it would be something of a job to regain the surface.

He would have to dig his toes and fingers into the earth and scramble out somehow.

The expiring match fell on something dull and hard.

He supposed it was a large stone, and that he had hit his head on it, for he was conscious of a soreness on his skull.

He put his hand to the sore spot and found a cut there about which the blood had clotted.

He rested his hand on the supposed stone to raise himself.

Then he discovered that the object was not a stone, but a metal box.

Getting on his knees he lit another match and looked at it.

It was a rusty japanned box, seven inches by twelve, and about eight inches thick.

He brushed the dirt away from it and tried to lift it, but found it very heavy for its size.

He now discovered that a strong piece of cord was attached to the handle.

After some effort he pulled it out of its bed.

"I must get out of this hole and take the box with me. I'm going to have some work doing it, but I can't help that."

He lighted another match and carefully examined that part of the roof where the bushes arched over it.

He lugged the box under it and tying the end of the cord to one of his suspenders he started to dig his way upward.

It proved to be a tough job, for as fast as he got up a foot the earth gave way and he slid back.

At last he got a grip on the bushes and as they were tough and well imbedded in the side of the gully, he gradually got his head up through them and, to his surprise, saw the daylight through the wood, which told him that he had been unconscious for many hours.

At last he crawled out on the solid ground and then he started to lift the box out.

He hauled it up with both hands as far as the bushes, but he couldn't pull it through the dense mass, try as he would.

He looked down into the gully and saw that it was thickly grown with the same kind of tough bushes.

He judged that he could have made his escape from the hole in a quarter of the time it had taken him to climb out had he pushed his way through the gully, which he didn't observe in the darkness.

He guessed he could get the box out that way.

Accordingly, he jumped into the gully and forced his way back into the hole.

Picking up the box he forced his way out again and followed the gully all the way to the shore.

It was broad daylight, and he figured that it was all of six o'clock, or even later.

His chances of reaching the store that morning were rather doubtful, for he did not see a boat anywhere around, and the city front was all of a mile away.

He walked around the shore to a point which gave him a view of the picnic island, half a mile away.

He thought he saw the stag party standing on the beach looking shoreward.

He sat down to await rescue, for he could do nothing himself toward getting off the little island.

CHAPTER XIII.

CONCLUSION.

Time passed slowly enough with him.

About nine o'clock in the forenoon a sailboat approached the island.

Bob took off his jacket, waved it in the air and hailed the boatman who was steering.

He had two gentlemen on board for a sail around the lake.

The singular spectacle of a shouting boy and a waving coat caused the boatman to put in toward the island.

"What's the matter?" he asked, when the boat came near.

"I'm marooned. I want to be taken off," replied Bob.

The boatman spoke to the gentlemen, and they consented to the boy coming aboard.

Bob lugged the rusty box with him.

"How came you to be on that island without a boat?" asked the boatman. "Did your boat float away?"

"No. I'm not the only person marooned out here."

"Are there more on the island?"

"No, but there are ten fellows on Picnic Island who can't get ashore because a couple of rascals ran off with their yacht. I was one of the party, and the men carried me over to the small island and put me ashore there. That's how I happened to be there."

"When did this happen?"

"Last night. You know the Dutton yacht, don't you?"

"Yes."

"That's the one we went off to Picnic Island in last night after supper, with Frank Dutton as skipper. We fished for a couple of hours and then went ashore to stretch our legs and cook the fish for a night supper. We found two men there who told us their boat had floated away and left them there. That was probably a lie. At any rate, after we treated them to supper they took advantage of the temporary absence of the crowd, myself excepted, and took possession of the boat."

Bob then told how they had sailed to the island where the hotel was, tied him to the mast in the cabin and went ashore.

"They came back in an hour or so with some stuff that they must have stolen from the hotel. Then they carried me to the small island and got rid of me, after which they laid their course for the city front, and that's the last I saw of them," said Bob. "There's the boys now on Picnic Island. See them waving their hats!"

The boatman saw the crowd and so did the gentlemen.

The sailboat put in, but there was no chance of taking the boys off as the little boat now had all she could carry comfortably.

"Hello, Frank!" shouted Bob.

"Hello! Where's my yacht?" returned Frank.

"I couldn't tell you, but I think it's over at one of the wharves."

"Don't you know where the men left it? You were aboard." "They put me ashore on the small island yonder and I was there all night."

"Oh!" said Frank. "Well, we can't get ashore in that boat."

"I know you can't. You'll have to wait till the boatman takes me to the city, if he's willing to do that now, otherwise I'll have to come ashore and stay with you."

After a consultation the gentleman agreed that under the circumstances the boatman had better turn back.

Bob agreed to pay him for his time.

It was also decided to carry Frank over to hunt up his boat.

So in due time Frank and Bob reached the city wharves and saw the yacht tied up at one of them.

"Where did you get that old tin box?" asked Frank, as they stepped on shore, after thanking the boatman and the gentlemen for the favor. "You carry it as if it was heavy."

"It is heavy. I found it on the little island."

"What's in it?"

"I'll tell you by and by."

They took possession of the yacht and found that the two rascals had been through the lockers and closets, but had only taken Frank's yachting suit, which was worth about \$25.

Setting sail, they went to Picnic Island, took their friends off and brought them back to the Dutton private wharf, where they dispersed to their homes.

Bob started for his home with the tin box, and his mother was surprised to see him at that hour.

She supposed he had slept at the Dutton house and had gone from there to the store.

She was more surprised when he related his night's adventures.

"And you think that old box contains money?" she said, with open eyes.

"I'll find out in two shakes of a lamb's tail what is in it."

He got a hammer and knocked the rusty cover off.

Removing a folded piece of paper which bore a date of forty years before, Bob disclosed the contents of the box, which consisted of old American gold coins of different denomination.

It was a great find, for when Bob had counted it he found that there was about \$25,000 in the box.

"It must go to the bank at once, mother," he said. "It never would do to keep all that money in the house."

The money was dumped into a stout bag and, slinging it over his shoulder, Bob carried it to the Chester Bank and asked for President Dutton.

He was shown into his private office.

Bob showed the banker the bag of gold coin, told him how he came by it and asked Mr. Dutton if it wasn't his by right of discovery.

The banker said there seemed to be no doubt about the fact.

Bob placed it with the bank on a special time deposit, at four per cent. interest, which meant an annual income to him of \$1,000.

He then went to the store and reported the cause of his absence to Mr. Bond, but made no mention of the finding of the money.

Nor did he tell any one except Mr. Dutton, and the only other persons who knew were his mother and sister.

A few days afterward Bob read a paragraph in the Daily News, reprinted from a Chicago paper, that Ronald Scott had shot and killed Castle after a row with him, and then committed suicide.

On the following day the two burglars were caught robbing a house in a nearby town.

They were identified as the men who had plundered Banker Dutton's home.

They were duly tried, convicted and sent to the State prison.

As time passed Mr. Bond's small department store grew to be a big one, taking in four stores, and the second floors of the same.

Bob grew with it, both in years and importance, until he became the real manager, when Mr. Bond went on an extended trip to Europe.

When he got back Bob told him about his \$25,000 find and offered to take an interest in the business.

Mr. Bond agreed to give him a half interest for the money, though he valued his business at over \$60,000.

Thus Bob Brett rose from cash-boy to partner.

Next week's issue will contain "JIMMY, THE OFFICE-BOY; OR, A PLUCKY WALL STREET PLUNGER."

SEND POSTAL FOR OUR FREE CATALOGUE.

CURRENT NEWS

While shooting a rapid in the Severn River, two miles below Sparrow Lake, Mr. and Mrs. G. R. Jones, of Toronto, Can., were drowned when the motor launch overturned. Six others had narrow escapes from death.

The War Department telegraphed \$3,000 recently to Colonel Steever, acting commander of the Department of Texas, to be expended in rations for the Mormon refugees from Mexico. This will be supplemented by additional amounts as they are required.

The Hungarian Government, it is reported, intends to introduce a bill in Parliament for the enfranchisement of 80,000 women. These are to include owners of property, proprietors of business and holders of the title of doctor.

With the coming of her twenty-first birthday and her share of the millions left by her father, David Iseman, oil man and banker, Miss Florence Elizabeth Iseman was married at Washington the other night to a poor young man of her choice, Warren C. Burchinal, a sophomore at Washington and Jefferson College, and the football cheer leader.

Eighty-three-year-old Ben Morris, the oldest inhabitant of Trimble County, Kentucky, was baptized the other evening in the Ohio River. He had acknowledged conversion a few hours previously and had asked that the ceremony take place right away. He was taken to the levee in a neighbor's carriage and was so feeble that two men were needed to support him as he entered the water for immersion.

Declaring he was head of the militia, and that there would be no more prize fighting in New Mexico, and that boxing contests would be stopped at the end of ten rounds hereafter, Governor McDonald has now closed the door to all battles in the future in that State. He said that if the people wanted prize fighting, the next Legislature, which meets in January, could pass a fight bill by a two-thirds vote, which was an intimation that he would use his veto.

A gas engine was recently erected several thousand feet above sea level. The engine did not give the power expected, and it was concluded that the loss was due to the altitude of the station. Upon investigation of the theoretical and practical considerations involved, it was found that there is a loss of about 1 per cent. of the indicated horse-power for each 1,000 feet of increase in elevation. The effect with a low ratio of compression is slightly less than with a high degree of compression.

No one need be cold next winter, for, according to figures just published in Paris, the trapping season has been so successful that the number of fur-bearing animals caught passes all records. Reports from Siberia announce that about 4,500,000 squirrels and 1,500,000 white hares

have been bagged, as well as 12,250 sables, 200,000 ermines, 100,000 blue foxes, 15,500 brown bears, 180,000 skunks, and 16,500 gray wolves. Following this report, it is stated here that furs will be extraordinarily cheap next season.

While looking toward New York from Eagle Rock the other afternoon, Miss Margaret Whitford, of Orange, N. J., was seized with a peculiar illness of hers which sends her into a profound sleep without warning. She toppled off the edge of the rock and plunged eighty feet down to the road. The fall was broken by the growth through which she tumbled and Miss Margaret Whitford escaped with a cut knee, which was sewed up at the Orange Memorial Hospital. Miss Whitford's malady has puzzled doctors, who have tried in vain to cure her. She is apt to fall into a sleep while talking or while at work.

Detectives in overalls and rubber boots have been working as laborers on city contracts for nearly a year past to furnish exact data on the manner in which the jobs were carried out, according to the latest developments of the fight being made to rid Atlantic City, N. J., of graft of every description. The Burns men were, whenever possible, placed in gangs of workmen employed under the supervision of "inspectors" appointed through or by politicians, and intricate figures, showing the exact amounts of materials used, are being compared with the specifications. Some of the men who wielded picks and shovels, or toiled in ditches being dug for drainage purposes, were expert engineers under high pay, and their figures are considered authoritative.

The richest Indian in the world and one of the richest landowners in Texas, coming from the recently developed Rio Grande Valley, was in Kansas City the other day. He is Lon Hill, of Harlingen, Tex., a town of 2,500 inhabitants 25 miles from Brownsville. He called on J. Z. Miller, Jr., vice-president of the Commerce Trust Company. Mr. Miller was in his father's store at Belton, Tex., away back there in the pioneer days when the cowboys drove the herds that way to the pastures of Indian Territory. They became friends then. Lon Hill in the last two months sold land for \$2,000,000, says the Kansas City "Star," and he still owns 90,000 acres in the Rio Grande Valley that is estimated in value at \$4,000,000. It may appear a strange thing to say about an Indian, but it is true, nevertheless, that he blazed the trail for civilization and development through the Rio Grande Valley that was infested with cattle thieves, bandits, and Mexican desperadoes. Mr. Hill refuses to talk about those early days, and it is left to his friends and admirers to recite the story of the deeds that made for him a reputation as a fighter. Mr. Hill has many enemies, and he never is without two six-shooters strapped to his belt. His long black hair falls to his shoulders, and his rugged features make him a picturesque character.

FACTS WORTH READING

A RAILROAD TIE HEADSTONE.

In Woodbrook Cemetery, at Woburn, Mass., may be seen one of the most unusual headstones ever erected. It is a railroad tie above the grave of Waterman Brown, who helped build the Boston and Lowell line. The tie is of granite, no wooden ties having been used in the construction of the road, which was the first in the State to be chartered. A portion of the tie was smoothed off for the inscription it now bears. At the time the road was built it connected Boston with the north country.

BIG NEW SHIP LAUNCHED.

At noon, August 17, to the accompaniment of many whistles of harbor craft, ringing of bells and the chopping of blocks by the strong-armed axe men of the shipyard, the giant steel hull of the new Clyde Line steamship under construction at the yards of the Newport News Shipbuilding and Dry Dock Company, started down the ways and took its first dip in the water.

Miss Margaret Stone, of Marion, Mass., daughter of Galen L. Stone, one of the owners and directors of the Clyde Steamship Company, christened the ship Lenape, following the custom of the Clyde Steamship Company in naming its ships after Indian tribes.

The Lenape will have dimensions of an even 400 feet in length, with a 50-foot beam and depth of 30 feet, and under the American bureau of shipping will be in the A No. 1 class; of steel construction throughout, with a freight carrying capacity of about 5,000 tons, and a displacement of 7,000 tons.

BRIDGE OVER THE GANGES.

The task of bridging the Ganges, the great river of northern India which issues from an ice cave at the foot of the Himalayan snow bed, has been assigned to a group of English engineers.

This bridge, which is over a mile in length, is to carry the Eastern Bengal State Railway over the Ganges from Damukelia to Sara Ghat, the place of pilgrimage, to which hundreds of thousands of devout Hindus repair once a year to wash away their sins in the sacred river.

Spanning the river, the bridge will be carried on steel trestles, which in turn will be supported on massive steel grilles in granite piers. The contract consists of fifteen main spans, each 359 feet long and fifty-two feet high, and weighing 1,300 tons.

The Ganges is essentially a river of great cities; Calcutta, Patna, Benares, Allahabad all lie on its course, and the ancient capitals of Agra and Delhi are on the Jumna, higher up. Great changes take place from time to time in the river bed of the Ganges, which considerably alter the face of the country. Extensive islands are then thrown up, and many decayed and ruined cities that are then discovered attest the changes in the river bed in ancient times. The bridge will cost about \$6,000,000 to build.

A PHYSICIAN'S START.

How do physicians and lawyers get a start?

"When I first received my license to practise medicine I was employed as house physician in a hospital in a fine residence district," said a widely known practitioner the other day. "One day a little boy came in and said that he wanted to be vaccinated. I performed the task with extreme care to avoid any possibility of infection, bandaged the arm up neatly and sent the boy away.

"The next day I received a call from a family residing two blocks from the hospital and there performed an operation which netted me a handsome fee. It turned out to be the family of the boy who had been vaccinated the day before, and the parents, who had lost a son through a careless vaccination, had been so pleased with the work that they had sent for me to perform the operation necessary the following day. The family was a large one and well-to-do and I received more than \$2,000 a year from it in fees for the next three years. Through these satisfied patients my practice began to grow until to-day my income is quite large. I date my success, however, from the day that little boy walked in the hospital door."

FROM HARDWARE SALESMAN TO PITCHER.

From a hardware salesman to a pitcher in the Texas league, with a jump from San Antonio to Chicago and back to Dallas mixed in, all within a few days, is some record, but a young man by the name of Englehart has just put it over.

Some time ago in San Antonio Bobbie Wallace, San Antonio's nifty little shortstop, recognized a spectator in the stands as a former teammate of his on a fast Chicago semi-professional team. The spectator was Englehart, who was visiting San Antonio as a hardware drummer. Wallace went over to Englehart and made himself known and the two chatted together for a while. Wallace found out that Englehart was in the mood still to play ball. He is a pitcher. As San Antonio was needing pitchers, Wallace told Manager Leidy about Englehart. Leidy said, "Trot him out."

A uniform was dug up for the hardware salesman, and he warmed up before the broncho boss. Leidy was very much impressed with the young man's looks. Morris Block, owner of the club, was called into consultation. He, too, looked upon the young man with favor. It was decided to make him an offer. The offer seemed to hit Englehart in the right spot.

"Will you join the team now?" asked Leidy.

"Well, I must give up my job first," replied Englehart. "Where will you be Monday?"

"We'll be in Dallas," answered Leidy.

"I'll join you there, then," said the drummer.

Englehart then hopped on a train for Chicago, quit his job and returned to Dallas the other Monday night and announced himself ready for work. He paid his own fare to Chicago and back.

IN THE KLONDIKE

OR,

A BRAVE FIGHT FOR GOLD AND FAME

By ALEXANDER ARMSTRONG

(A SERIAL STORY)

CHAPTER VIII.

THE MEETING BY MOONLIGHT.

Madame De Toures stared at Rex Bouton as he uttered those words, not understanding what he meant. He did not leave her long in doubt, for before she had time to ask him to explain, he burst forth excitedly:

"Don't you see what I mean? She will betray every one of us now, knowing that she is nothing to us. When she believed herself to be your child—although she never seemed to have any too much love for either you or her supposed father—it was her duty—so she thought—to protect your very crimes. She is one of those girls you read of in novels, you know—one of the kind to suffer in silence, and all that nonsense! I am sure of one thing, and that is, she told the truth to-night. If De Toures had waited, and not left that nasty French-Canadian temper get the better of him, she would have told him the whole story. Now he would have to kill her before she would open her lips. She would lose her life before she would lie. Why couldn't he wait?"

"Because he is one fool!" the woman hissed furiously. "I could kill him, the big drunken fool! But for his tongue, and we would some day be paid more money for the girl than he'd ever make in this hole! Heavens! The men say that the women talk, talk, talk, and ruin the business, but they are not such fools as the men when the wine is in. Then the wit is out. I'll cut his tongue out if he will not keep quiet! Now, all is lost!"

She was wringing her hands and muttering fiercely in French, so fast and incoherently, that Bouton could not make out what she was saying. All he could hear was money at almost every other word.

"So the girl comes from rich people, eh?" he suddenly asked her. "That is why you have kept her so long, when in your heart and soul you hated her. For the sake of money she was to some day bring you? I might have known it. You would sell your soul for money, I do believe."

"Why should I have any love for her?" she screamed, her face growing a dull red, even beneath its thick coating of paint. "She had no love for me. She would look at me with her big eyes, and in silence tell me how she hated me. Bah! She is one little cat, and some day I'll scratch her eyes out! She shall not go away, for she owes me for her living, her clothing, and she shall work many years more to pay for it. I will watch her day and night, and if she dare disobey me, I——"

"You will have nothing whatever to say in the matter, Madame Delphine," he interrupted, coolly. "The girl don't belong to you, and if you want to save yourself and that ill-favored better half of yours you'll listen to me, and obey me, or," with a wicked grin and a shrug of his shoulders, "I'll turn good along with Vallera, and tell of several little affairs that have taken place within the respectable walls of the Delphine. My story would result in giving free lodging to yourself and husband for several years in some nice, quiet, stone building, where they are so careful of their choice tenants, that they look them up."

"Traitor!" she panted, hoarsely, and with a panther-like leap she was at his throat, something bright gleaming in one hand. That something was a keen-edged dagger drawn like a flash from the bosom of her silken gown. But her comrade in crime was too quick for her, and the next instant the weapon was wrested from her grasp, and she forced into a chair where he held her.

"None of that, you French fiend," he said. "None of that kind of business or you'll be sorry. Hang you, but you're a dangerous customer to handle. I might have known what to expect from you, though. Now, listen to me, as your husband over there is too drunk to know me from one of his victims. I've got the winning hand this time and I'm going to hold it. In the first place you don't want me to squeal, and I don't hanker after the job myself. Not if you use me white. But make an attempt to play any dirty tricks on me, and I'll cook your goose up pretty brown. In fact, I'll burn it to a crisp. To-morrow I'm going to make Vallera my wife. Don't look surprised, for I have intended to marry her ever since the first time I saw her. If you know when you are well off you will use your influence with her. Make her think that she is forever disgraced by being seen in public as your daughter, and that no other man would ever dream of marrying her. You know how to work up the scheme, at least you ought to with the points you get from me. Give her to understand that her singing in 'The Delphine Concert Hall,' is enough to make of any young girl a social outcast. Make her grateful to me for wanting to give her my name. You can do it and then—you will be safe and so will I. She could not give evidence against her husband. Is it a go?"

"I will do all I can with her," she answered, sullenly. "I will tell her all the things you bid me, and if I fail you shall not blame me. She does not love you. She never will love you, for," with an evil smile, and longing to do or say something to make him angry, "she loves

the rich handsome young man—the one you call the sickly dude—the one with all the money—and he loves her in return. Once to-night—no, last night—for see! the morn is already beginning to dawn—when I went to awaken her, she talked in her sleep and called him by all the sweet love names that would sound so silly if meant for you, because you are so big, so heavy, and—pardon, *ma amie*—so ungainly, so ugly! It is only to the lovely women, the handsome men, they should be applied. Heavens! how she loves him—how she loves him!”

“Why didn’t you tell me of this infernal nonsense before?” he growled, his face darkening like a thunder cloud. “By Heaven, if he interferes with her, I’ll break every bone in his body! Never mind, he would never marry her. That uncle of his wouldn’t let him. Well, our bargain is made, and I’m tired. I’ll snatch a few hours’ sleep, and right after breakfast you go and see her and have a talk. Don’t try any fool business, either. You had better get him to bed, too, before he wakes up and wants more wine. Pleasant dreams, my fair friend, *Delphine*. Remember—this is a straight game.”

With a shrug of her plump shoulders, she watched him leave the room. She listened until the sound of his footsteps had died away, then she arose, and going to a cupboard in the corner, poured out a glass of wine, which she drained at a single draught.

“Furies!” she muttered between her teeth, “how I hate him—how I hate her! Let him have her if he can force her to marry him. He will find in her one tigress. How she will fight him! Ah, the tongue of that drunken fool has done it all! Let him lie there on the hard floor! It is plenty soft enough for a man who does not know when he has ‘the good soft thing,’ as they say here. Heavens! how I wish I was back in my own dear France again. It is the only place I love in all the big, beautiful world—the only thing I love! My only love—my sweetheart France! I hate this cold country! I hate the men and women of the country, with their colder hearts and prim, stiff ways. Like a set of bloodless statues are they, no life, no nothing, as we have in dear beloved France. Some day, *ma amie*,” looking down upon the man lying on the floor in his drunken stupor with an expression of contempt curling her painted lips, “I shall leave you alone with the brandy you love more than you do me. And with me goes the money—the shining gold we have earned by—Bah! what of it? In France they will not know how I came by it, and unlike the Americans, they will not ask me. Lie there, fool, and dream of the silly tongue that will some day be the ruin of you!”

Scorning to touch the prostrate form of her husband, with even the toe of her slippered foot, she passed him by, going to her sleeping-room for a few hours’ rest. That night’s work was another huge failure, and from the outlook the future of the *Delphine*’s jaunty proprietor and wife, was not entirely cloudless. The sword hanging so long above their heads was beginning to tremble, and the seemingly strong foundation upon which they had builded, was tottering.

But what of *Vallera*? What was she doing alone in her room with the dream of her life realized at last? How did she accept the change she had longed for, prayed for, wept for, night after night, day after day? Did the weary

eyes close in peaceful sleep now that the burdened heart was set at rest? Or was she too happy to sleep?

Sleep? Why it seemed as if she never could sleep again. Her eyes were shining like twin stars, and her heart was as light as the foam on the ocean’s wave when tossed by the soft summer wind. A great and mighty peace hovered over the bruised and heretofore troubled soul. No longer need she blush for shame because her father kept the worst den of infamy in that part of the West, for Heaven be praised, he was not her father, not a single drop of his sin-tainted blood flowed through her veins. And the woman who had told her she was flesh of her flesh, blood of her blood, bone of her bone, she, too, was no kin of hers. She remembered how her cheeks used to burn with shame and dismay when *Madame De Toures* used to force her to accompany her on the streets of *Silvertown*. How she shrank from the gaze of other young girls and the kindly-faced, refined women whom she recognized as their mothers. And the men who smirked and smiled so knowingly at the French woman as she passed them by. The torture was something awful.

Now, through the goodness of Heaven, that was a thing of the past. The shadow of everlasting disgrace had been lifted from her life, as if by angel hands. Some day—and that day was not far away—she would leave the shelter of this detested roof, under which she had known naught save suffering, and enter upon a new and happier existence. Poor child, poor little girl, she did not dream of the troubles that beset an innocent, unsuspecting, pure-minded maiden of her age alone in the world. It was bad enough to be forced to live beneath the roof of such a place as the *Delphine*, but there were times when it was better than to be utterly cast adrift, with no spot in which to rest her weary head.

Not once during the remainder of the night did the girl sleep. She sat by her window waiting for the red dawn to appear and change into the rose and gold of early morn, too happy to close her eyes. In the sudden change that had come into her life she forgot the cruel words to her by *Henri De Toures*. She was destined to remember them in a different way, for when day dawned and she arose from her seat, intending to bathe her face in cool water and brush her hair, her arms were so stiff and sore, her shoulders so lame, that she could not move them without such pain that she had all she could do to keep from screaming aloud.

She was in that condition when *Madame De Toures* came up to her room to see what had detained her. Added to that, a severe, nervous headache attacked her, and she was obliged to remain in her bed all day.

She was feverish and restless, the pillows hot, the room close, and when night fell, she longed for a breath of pure, fresh air. It was so lonely, so dreary there, too, that it made her really ill. One hour alone in some quiet, lovely nook would cure her. When could she go? and if she did go, would she be followed? No, for they thought her too ill to leave the room.

Waiting until the music from below announced that the concert was under way, she crept out of bed, slipped on a white gown, and throwing the dark cloak over all, slipped out of the house without being discovered.

(To be Continued)

FROM ALL POINTS

On a judgment for \$25,000 rendered in the United States Court of Appeals, at Sioux Falls, S. Dak., Miss Ella Bay of Menominee, Mich., received a check for \$28,828.52, which includes interest since the verdict was returned in her favor in the fall of 1910 in her suit against James S. Sanborn, Puckwana, S. Dak., for breach of promise. The case was peculiar as one of the few in which actual financial damage was proved. The woman worked as secretary of a lumber concern at Menominee, Mich., at a salary of \$4,300 yearly and resigned on Sanborn's request to marry.

Details of the recent terrible earthquake have been given by a doctor who has returned to Constantinople from the affected region, where he has been engaged in relief work. He states that at Myriophitos, Chora and Iraklitza, 3,000 people were killed and many thousands are destitute. There was no shelter for the survivors and so little food that men were fighting with knives for the meagre supplies. At Gano a great crater was formed and entire villages swallowed up. On both sides of the Dardanelles villages were destroyed. The doctor estimated the total number at fifty.

That the entire family of the Rev. Gustav Latzke, pastor of the local German Lutheran Church of Rocky Ford, Col., was deliberately poisoned is the belief of Dr. T. B. Wilson, coroner, who is investigating the sudden death of Mr. and Mrs. Latzke and their two children, a daughter nine years old and a son of twelve. A baby is the sole survivor. In substantiation of his belief that the deceased are the victims of some one who hates clergymen, Coroner Wilson points to the sudden death of the Rev. Mr. Hutto's wife and two children by poison two years ago, when the family was on the way to Idaho after Mr. Hutto had given up the pastorate of the German Lutheran Church here. On the journey Mrs. Hutto and her children partook of food that had been presented to them just before they left this city.

The youngest monopolist in the world lives in Dayton, O. She is Beatrice Howell, daughter of Frank Howell, wealthy attorney, and is only eight years old. She controls the guinea pig market. State boards of health, medical colleges and other organizations which must have guinea pigs for laboratory experimental purposes are at her mercy. Beatrice actually is the head of America's largest guinea pig farm at her father's magnificent country home, just outside of Dayton, near the National Soldier's Home. Two sisters, Kathryn, eleven, and Pauline, five, assist her. "The business has grown so enormously within the last year that Beatrice is unable to look after the finances," said her mother, a popular Dayton society matron, "so I keep the accounts. This year her sales will amount to about 15,000 pigs. She is getting 65 cents each for them in lots of 50 or more, but the day will soon be here when they will command at least \$1.50 each."

Although you may not have had to take any quinine, you must have heard of it as a cure for fevers. Quinine and Peruvian bark come from the cinchona tree. The value of this Peruvian bark as a cure for fevers was discovered in a peculiar way. The natives of the country where it grew knew nothing of its virtues, although they suffered terribly from fevers. A tribe who was in the habit of drinking the water from a neighboring pool discovered one day that it had all turned bitter and was unfit for use through a storm having blown down some cinchona trees that had fallen into the lake, so they had to go some distance for water. Not long after two of the tribe fell ill of fever, and as they were too weak to go so far for water they drank out of the old pool and were astonished to find that the fever soon began to get better.

Panama hats are made from a palm of the "chandelier-tree" family, which grows wild in enormous quantities in the northern parts of South America and in Central America. The greater number of highest grade Panamas are made in Ecuador, with Peru a good second. The best of these sell for \$150 each. The young, tender leaves of the plant are gathered before they unfold; all the ribs and coarse veins are removed, and the rest is reduced to shreds without being separated from the stem. The shredded leaves are placed in large earthenware jars filled with water and the juice of lemons and left to soak for from six to ten days. After this they are spread out to dry and bleach in the sun. The fibers are woven upon a block held upon the knees. The coarse hats are finished in two or three days; the finest take as many months. The best times for weaving are in the early morning and in the rainy season, when the air is moist. In the middle of the day and in the dry season the fiber is apt to break.

A tragic story of an old man's devotion to his insane daughter and of a life spent in terror of death at her hands was revealed by the police of St. Louis recently. Patrolman John King, answering a feeble call for help, found John Pollock, eighty years old, in a second story room of the house at No. 1106 Locust street securely bound to a chair by an iron chain. His daughter, Laviolla Pollock, had overpowered her father and, forcing him into a chair, had wrapped the iron chain about his body. The other end of the chain was so securely attached to the girl's waist that it was with difficulty it was removed. When King entered the room the girl sprang at him and caught him about the neck. For five minutes he struggled with her. Several times she almost overpowered the officer. The patrolman, still in the insane woman's grasp, finally struggled to a window and threw his patrol box key to a passerby, who ran to the box and sent a call for aid to the central station. Police were rushed to the scene. The woman was overpowered, and, still entangled in the chain, was taken to the observation ward in the City Hospital.

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ITEMS OF CURRENT NEWS

Forest Westoff, ten years old, and his younger brother, Richard, were playing in an elevator wheat bin, at Erie, Kan., when the elevator operator, ignorant of their presence, opened the chute, burying the boys with wheat. Forest, with a great effort, lifted his brother to safety, but he himself died under eight feet of the grain.

Put's Hill, near Greenwich, Conn., made famous by the daring ride down its stone steps by Israel Putnam, the Revolutionary general, is to be sacrificed to the thousands of automobilists who pass through the Boston Post Road. The warden and burgesses had legal notification recently of condemnation hearing to secure a triangular piece of the hill now part of the estate of Henry L. Cammann, a New York importer. Efforts to induce Mr. Cammann to give the land have failed.

Nelson Gay and his brother-in-law, D. W. Taylor, of Portland, Oregon, have squatted on a barren island on the south shore of the Columbia River. Their filings have been sent to Washington. Whether the department will uphold their claim to the ten acres which comprise the island remains to be seen. A bungalow has been built on the strip, and the men and their wives have moved in. This is the second case on record in this section where land formed by currents of the river has been located and held as private property.

When Anton Kardos, an Austrian insurance agent, of Washington, Pa., sent all his savings of years to an aunt in Austria-Hungary, who had reared him since the death of his parents in infancy, to tide her over financial difficulties four years ago, he acted without hope of reward. He received his recompense lately when a letter from the village of Zoromezzo, in Austria, informed him that the aunt, Mrs. Susanna Kardos, had recently died and left him her entire fortune, estimated to be a quarter of a million dollars. Kardos' good fortune comes at a period of low ebb in his career, as he is now serving a sentence of three months in jail on a charge of embezzling insurance society funds.

Faithfulness has won for Minnie Prehm, a servant, of Bloomington, Ill., a reward of \$50,000. When the will of Miss Susan E. Loehr, an eccentric maiden woman, was admitted to probate it read: "In testimony to the long, faithful services of Minnie Prehm rendered me, I wish that she be provided for so that she will have it easier the remainder of her days on earth. Minnie was taken by my mother to be raised when a child of five and a half years and when mother passed away Minnie came to me and has been with me since. No one could have been more faithful to another than she has been to me. Minnie has devoted about forty-five years to caring for mother and I, and she has done all without wages or compensation and without hope of reward."

JOKES AND JESTS.

"When does your husband find time to do all his reading?" "Usually when I want to tell him something important."

"Doesn't your choir sing at the prison any more?" "No, several of the prisoners objected on the ground that it wasn't included in their sentences."

The report that German women have volunteered to fight in case of war only goes to show that women of all nationalities like to have arms about them.

"We countrymen have the best of it. When all else fails we can eat the forest preserves." "I don't know that you have the best of it," retorted the city fellow. "We have our subway jam."

Rumm—What the Dickens does Congress mean by authorizing the coining of a half-cent piece? Dumm—Why, it will enable married women to have a little change now and then.

"Do you," said the counsel, "swear that you will tell the truth, the whole truth, and——" "Oh, how lovely!" the fair witness interrupted. "Shall I be allowed to talk all the afternoon if I want to?"

"My dear, would you have time to sew a button on for me before you go?" "I've told you before, Alfred, Jane will do it for you. Please remember you married a typewriter, not a sewing machine."

"Well, Hiram, your summer boarders seem to have about everything they want." "They're fairly content. I only overlooked one point. Forgot to provide any postcards of such points of interest as the hen house and the pump."

"Why did the teacher send you home?" His father spoke sternly to his son. "Well, she wanted to give me a set of books, which one of the fellows I know used last term, and I wouldn't take them because he had gotten all there was to learn out of them."

A TIMELY ATTACK.

By D. W. Stevens.

Although Commodore Porter with his West India squadron for the suppression of piracy was meeting with every success in breaking up the haunts of the outlaws in the region of Mantanzas, on the coast of Cuba, yet, further to the westward there was one freebooter who still continued his depredations.

In a swift schooner, as sharp as a sword-fish, he would suddenly emerge from one of the rugged coast bays and pounce upon any merchant craft that he saw passing in his vicinity.

No quarter would he give to his luckless victims.

Then, after the captured craft was plundered, she would be burned to the water's edge, thus serving as the funeral pyre of her slain occupants.

From a pirate prisoner, who, in the hope of being pardoned had turned informer, did the commodore hear much of the outlaw of the west coast.

He learned that, among his men, this pirate chief was known by the name of Captain Cain—that he was a big, bearded, villainous-looking person of thirty-five, was possessed by unusual daring, and had sworn that he would never be taken alive, should he be attacked by any war vessel.

"You must, if possible, not only capture the schooner, but must also capture the pirate chief, and be sure you use every precaution to take him alive."

So said the commodore to Roland Gray—one of his passed midshipmen—a fine-looking, manly youth of nineteen, whom he had put in command of a small gun-brig, the Spitfire, with four guns and a crew of sixty men, to cruise for the formidable outlaw.

"Ay ay, sir," answered Gray. "I will use every effort to comply with your wishes."

Having received a few more directions, the youth entered his cutter and was rowed back to the brig, which lay not far from the flag-ship.

The young officer speedily got up anchor, and, having a fair wind, he made good progress on his course.

Two days later the Spitfire, close-hauled in a light breeze, was gliding along within a stone's throw of the west coast of the island.

There was a fog-cloud extending parallel with the shore, while further out to sea the atmosphere was clear.

The brig was nearing a lofty, far-extending headland, whose shadow blending with the mist was almost as dark as that of night, when the sound of a gun was heard on the other side of the elevation.

It was quickly followed by another. Then there was a dull crash as of the falling of a mast.

The brig was kept off, and, as she glided on in the deep shadow of the headland, her occupants suddenly beheld a vessel emerge to view, round the extremity of the projecting elevation, to be soon after followed by another in pursuit.

The former was a bark, evidently a merchant craft, and her pursuer was a low, sharp-bowed schooner, with a black flag to her gaff.

"'Tis the pirate," said Roland to Mr. Sanders, his acting lieutenant.

"Ay, ay, sir," replied Sanders, "and better than all, she does not suspect our being in her vicinity."

The pirate had probably shot suddenly out of one of the coast bays, and was now less than a quarter of a mile beyond the edge of the fog-bank, darting like some fierce shark toward the bark.

The smoke still was faintly visible about his bow, showing that the gun which had been heard was his bow-chaser, and the ragged stump of the bark's mizzen-mast, with the wreckage alongside, which last was being cleared away, indicated the accuracy of his aim.

Shrouded by the fog-bank and the shadow of the headland, which completely hid her from the gaze of the people aboard the pursuer and the pursued, the brig kept on her way.

On the private's deck stood a tall, villainous-looking, heavily-bearded man, wearing a sort of embroidered vest, slashed trousers with buttons at the sides, and high boots, while in a sash about his waist were a long knife and a pistol.

"That must be—the pirate chief—Captain Cain," remarked Roland to his lieutenant, in a voice scarcely above a whisper.

"Ay, ay, sir, and a forbidding-looking fiend he is," was the reply.

Meanwhile the bark was now heading diagonally toward the shore, as if her captain had some faint hope that by entering the fog-bank he might elude his pursuer.

On her quarter-deck stood a girl clinging to an elderly man, as Roland could see through his glass.

The two were evidently father and daughter, and naturally the girl was much terrified.

To head off the bark the pirate now slightly changed his course, running along parallel with the fog-bank.

Roland waited until the schooner was less than fifty fathoms from the brig, when his clear voice rang through the vessel:

"Square the yards, there! Up helm!"

The men quickly obeyed, and suddenly the Spitfire, emerging from the shadow and the fog-bank, headed straight for the pirate.

At this unexpected sight there was a wild cry from the lawless crew, who, wearing low red caps and dark shirts, with sashes bristling with knives and pistols, had been collected about the low bulwarks of the schooner.

Then the voice of Captain Cain came rolling like thunder over the sea, as he shouted:

"Tacks and sheets there! Ready for wearing around!"

As lightly as a sea bird the schooner spun round upon her keel, but even as she did so the ringing voice of Roland Gray was heard:

"Fire!"

The whizzing sound of the shot followed, then, crackling and snapping, the schooner's mainmast slowly tottered, until with a crash it fell, top-hammer and all, alongside.

The schooner being thus disabled, the brig gained upon her rapidly.

"Now, boys, stand by for boarding!" said Roland to his men.

The lieutenant repeated the order, and the nimble crew ran out on the booms and sprang into the rigging, where they stood ready to leap upon the deck of the foe.

With a thud the brig struck the schooner's quarter, her booms projecting over her, and, as she moved on, grating alongside, the young captain again shouted:

"Make fast! Away there, you boarders—away!"

Then, while a few of the men made the brig fast to the schooner with lashings, the others, with their young captain, sprang upon the pirate's deck.

A desperate combat ensued.

"Give it to them, boys, but spare the pirate captain!" shouted Roland. "We are to take him alive and capture his vessel as a prize."

"Blame you, you shall never live to do that!" roared Cain.

He leveled a fresh pistol he had snatched from a fallen man at Roland's head as he spoke.

But as he was about to pull trigger, one of the brig's seamen knocked the weapon from his grasp with a blow from his cutlass.

A gigantic pirate rushed upon the sailor, who was soon engaged with him hand to hand, while Roland closed with the captain in a sword combat.

The pirate, thinking he saw an unguarded movement on Roland's part, aimed a savage thrust at his heart. This was the young captain's opportunity.

With a quick bend of his body he avoided the keen steel, and then by a swift, backhanded stroke, he broke off Cain's blade at the hilt.

Seeing their chief disarmed, and as their numbers were being still more reduced, while only eight of their opponents had been killed and wounded, some of them presently threw down their arms and sullenly surrendered, when the others were compelled to follow their example.

"Fools—cowards!" wrathfully roared Cain. "All shall suffer for this!"

With a backward leap, he drew himself several feet away from Roland's sword, and ere he could be seized, sprang through the companionway and down into the cabin.

"Follow me, lads, some of you, and capture him!" cried Roland, as he snatched from the deck the pistol which had been knocked from the pirate's grasp and which had fallen on a coil of rope.

He saw Cain enter a room and heard him close and lock the door.

Roland ordered the men with him to break it open.

The men threw themselves against the door, the lock gave way and it swung open.

As the sailors entered, they saw Cain kneeling by a long hatchway, the hatch of which had been raised on its side, revealing the run below, in which was the powder magazine.

In his left hand he held a gun-match or lin-stock, taken from one of several match-tubs in the room, which contained other implements of warfare.

He had already lighted the gun-match, and was about to hurl it into the magazine, when a nimble sailor sprang forward to prevent him.

With an oath the pirate discharged his pistol at the man, sending the bullet through his body. The sailor fell upon his back, in his dying agony clutching the side of the raised hatch.

Again Cain was about to throw the match into the powder magazine, when another seaman, with a blow of his cutlass, inflicted a deep gash on his wrist, rendering the hand powerless.

The next moment the pirate was a captive in the grasp of several of the men.

He was taken aboard the brig, and as soon as his wounded wrist had been attended to by the vessel's doctor, he was confined with the other captives in the steerage.

Roland now had the schooner's deck cleared, and, manning her with a detail, who rigged a jury-mast forward, he prepared to sail to rejoin the squadron.

Before sailing, however, he was rowed to the merchant bark which had been saved by his timely attack on the pirate.

The bark proved to be the *St. Malo*, a Spanish vessel, bound from Brazil for Havana.

The girl and elderly man, the passengers aboard the vessel whom he had previously seen, were an American merchant named Edward Warren and his daughter, Charlotte. The latter was a beautiful maiden of seventeen, and when the merchant cordially invited Roland to visit him on the first opportunity after his arrival at Havana, it is needless to say that the youth accepted the invitation.

A jury-mast was rigged aboard the bark, and in company with the brig and captured schooner she sailed for her destination.

She safely arrived there, and a day later Roland Gray rejoined the squadron and made his report to the commodore, who was much pleased and who promised to promote him.

Cain and the survivors of his crew were tried and sentenced at Havana by a special court, with some of the American naval officers—among whom was Roland Gray—presiding at the trial. The pirate's men, to save time, were shot dead, but their chief was hung to a gallows erected for that purpose, near the public prison.

His remains were deposited under a black rock near a lonely part of the seashore, about two miles from the port.

This gloomy landmark remained in sight for some years, when it was buried by the encroaching waters of the ocean.

His presence at the trial in Havana had afforded Roland an opportunity to visit the merchant who had invited him.

Charlotte and he were mutually attracted, and, as may be imagined, he saw her as often as he could obtain leave of absence from the commodore for that purpose.

A few years later, at which time Roland had been promoted first lieutenant, and was then aboard the sloop-of-war *Eagle*, at anchor in the port of Havana, the young officer and the beautiful girl were made man and wife at the home of the bride's father.

They proved to be a congenial couple.

Charlotte accompanied her husband on his cruises, until finally at her request he gave up his sea life to accept a position in the Board of Navy Commissioners at Washington.

In a pleasant home on the outskirts of the city, in the society of his devoted wife and a family of interesting children, he spent many a happy day, and ever thankful he was for the chance which had enabled him to save and win for his own the loveliest and best of her sex, by "A Timely Attack" upon the most desperate of the Cuban pirates.

GOOD READING

"Tim" Sullivan, 112 years old, will be one of the entertainers at the international demonstration of the United Celtic-American Societies in Chicago on September 8. He will jig against a man of sixty-three years and will perform other terpsi-chorean feats. Sullivan lives at Wisconsin Bay, Wis. He came to America in 1848 and served through the Civil War. He is the oldest living Irish-American.

The largest ranch in Australia belongs to Sydney Kidman, and is 50,000 square miles in area, or slightly larger than New York State. Mr. Kidman was born in Adelaide; he left home at thirteen and became a shepherd. He was successively carter, horse dealer and transportation contractor. Then he went to Queensland and has since devoted himself to stock raising.

A ten-year-old son of Charles Wiley, of Mount Carmel, Ill., near Princeton, Ind., was attacked by a cat believed to have had hydrophobia. The cat fastened its teeth in the boy's hand, and despite the mother's frantic efforts to pry the jaws open with scissors it was not until a half hour later that the cat was killed and its teeth released from the boy's hand. Its head has been sent to Chicago for examination.

To the freak of fate that guided his bullet to the trigger of a burglar's gun in the rear of his post-office shortly before midnight, the other day, rendering the weapon useless, Postmaster Charles Leonard of Thomas, nineteen miles south of Seattle, undoubtedly owes his life. The man who robbed the post-office and who gave his name as James Webster now lies on a cot in the county jail suffering from a bullet hole through his left groin and two shattered fingers.

There were all sorts of excitement at Paulsboro, N. J., the other afternoon, when the Rev. C. M. Emery, pastor of the local negro Baptist church, and Lewis Johnson, a convert, narrowly escaped drowning during a baptismal service in the Mantu river. The clergyman had baptized several converts, and Johnson was the last. He went down into the water with his mouth open, and swallowing several quarts, became wildly excited. Seizing the minister about the neck, he pulled him under, and both went out into deep water in the channel of the stream. William Johnson, father of the young convert, though fully clothed, dove into the water and dragged the two men ashore.

Moving pictures are soon to tell the story of Mormonism from its inception to the present day and will be shown throughout the East, according to Lawrence W. Richards, presiding elder of the Massachusetts conference of the Latter Day Saints. The sum of \$50,000 will be expended for propagating the faith in this way. "The films," says Elder Richards, "will be especially welcome

in Boston, for the Hub has ever been one of the best fields for Mormon missionaries." It is the plan of the leaders of the church by showing films to offset other motion pictures which portray Mormonism and its leaders, from Brigham Young down, in an unfavorable light.

The Secretary of the Navy has just awarded the construction of the new gunboat Monocacy, designed for use in the shallow rivers of China, to the Mare Island Navy Yard, Cal., whose bid was \$141,000, as against \$212,500 by the Seattle Construction and Drydock Company. The limit of cost set by Congress was \$215,000. All shipyards of the country were asked to tender, but the Seattle bid was the only private bid received. The Monocacy is to be knocked down and shipped to China and put together there. The Monocacy will have the following general features and dimensions: Length over all, 160 feet; speed 13½ knots; beam, 24 feet 6 inches; displacement, 190 tons; battery, two six-pounders, two three-inch field guns, six .30 machine guns.

Ty Cobb, the great ballplayer, entered business recently in Detroit on a large scale. He purchased a block of stock in the W. B. Garvis Company, a \$300,000 corporation, with large stores in Detroit and Grand Rapids, doing a wholesale and retail sporting goods business. Cobb will be elected a director immediately, and will assume an active part in the business. "I desire to have a good business position awaiting me when I get through with baseball," said Ty. "I have intended for some time to make Detroit my permanent home, and have been on the lookout for something good here. I picked this because it is right in my line, and I can make good in it easier than in some other field." Cobb's business house is the largest of its kind in Michigan. With the exception of big department stores, it has the finest store of any kind in Detroit. Cobb paid spot cash for his block of stock, giving his personal check.

The highest price for a calf less than a year old was paid the other day for the highly bred Holstein-Frisian bull calf "Dutchland Changeling Lad," one of the bluebloods of the Dutchland Farms, near Brockton, Mass. Henry S. Hale of Colebrook, N. H., who owns a half million dollar dairy farm there, was inspecting the stock farm when he spied Changeling Lad. He remarked to Supt. E. D. Upton that the calf was a fancy-looking little fellow, and expressed a desire to buy him. Manager Upton informed him that the calf's sire and dam were world champions. Mr. Hale inquired the price and Manager Upton replied about a thousand dollars. Mr. Hale promptly wrote a check for that amount and made arrangements for shipping the calf to his farm. The calf is related to Creamella Vale, the cow that is smashing all records for milk production at the present time, and to DeKol Creamella, the former world's champion. On the other side is Colantha Johanna Lad, the head of the million dollar herd.

ARTICLES OF ALL KINDS

CHARGED WITH ARSON.

Bernard C. Murray, son of a former fire commissioner of Hartford, Conn., confessed the other night that he had set thirty fires in hotels and public buildings in Connecticut and western Massachusetts within the past four months. Murray, who is twenty-four, said: "I could not resist the impulse to do it, although I realized the consequences. I liked to see things burn. The lives of hundreds of hotel guests were jeopardized and the total property loss was about \$250,000. Murray said he would go to the second or third floor of a hotel, open a closet and light anything inflammable inside, such as a mop, a dust rag, broom or bed linen. After closing the door he would generally go to another hotel or building across the street or nearby and do the same thing.

A SWIMMER SINKS IN A RACE.

Frank Rademacher was almost drowned recently while swimming a race with Alfred Brown from the Battery to Coney Island. Rademacher had given evidence that he was tiring, but his handlers were taken by surprise when he suddenly sank from view opposite 65th street, Bay Ridge.

One of the men in the rowboat accompanying him dived overboard and succeeded in bringing him to the surface. He was taken to a launch, which was following the race, and was soon revived. He said that he had been seized by cramps.

Brown was able to get to Norton's Point, when he found himself unable to contend with the strong turning tide. Rademacher had gone five miles, and Brown had swam within a mile and a half of the goal.

Both contestants in the race are members of the American Lifesaving Society and are record long distance swimmers. Brown has charge of the lifesaving society's work in Flushing Bay. He won the championship on September 8, 1907, when he swam from the Battery to Coney Island in four hours and forty-five minutes. He is also the holder of a record for swimming through Hell Gate. Rademacher is interested in lifesaving work, and has charge of the society's Hackensack River division.

CHARMING PEOPLE OF FEZ.

The people of Fez are charming. During one's walks or rides through the town it is quite the exception to be spat at, as is often the case in other ultra-Mohammedan towns and the crowd is, on the whole, merely smiling and inquisitive, like a crowd in Naples or any other South Italian town.

Now and then some fanatic—generally an epileptic—will try to raise a disturbance and will be gently removed by his friends; the Moors are kindness itself in the face of poverty or affliction—but except for these and a

few casual curses from the old and soured, the Christian dog may pursue his way in comparative peace, provided he does not attempt to enter a mosque or pass the barriers placed in front of those streets leading up to the tomb of Moulay Idris, the founder and patron saint of Fez, by whom all good Fezzites swear.

Curiously enough in Fez the camera causes much less alarm than in Tangier and a great deal of interest; and whereas in Tangier the people cower away and hide their faces in fear of the evil eye, in Fez they flock around one so assiduously that the taking of pictures is often very difficult.

Perhaps one of the most astonishing things after having seen the state of the other more "civilized" towns, is the cleanliness of the "new" town. Compared to Tangier, which is supposed to be scavenged by the great Powers, it is sweet; instead of the smells of decaying produce and others too mysterious to fathom, one is agreeably assailed on all sides by the scent of the orange blossom and pink rose petals piled up in the shops and sold for distillation and the pungent smell of the mint of which the Moors are so fond. Beyond the town, sad to relate, the state of affairs is terrifying.

PRESERVING WILD LIFE.

It has been estimated that 90 per cent. of the wild life of the North American continent has been destroyed since the whites came. The wild pigeons, which were once as the sands of the seashore for multitude, are practically extinct, and the passing of the buffalo is one of the commonplaces of regretful reminiscence. A few devoted sportsmen and naturalists have highly resolved that the decimation shall go no farther, but that, on the other hand, effective steps shall be taken for the preservation of such games as still exists. From New Orleans comes the announcement that a public-spirited citizen of Louisiana has just purchased Marsh Island, containing 74,000 acres, lying off the coast, and that it will be added to 13,000 acres deeded to the State several months ago as a refuge for the migratory game birds. Behind this purchase lies a story of earnest and timely endeavor which is worthy of the support its promoters ask. It is proposed to establish a chain of game refuges which will extend from Canada to Mexico. The Canadian government has already created forest and game preserves of great size, the most important of which is the Nepigon forest reservation, covering an area of some 4,000,000 acres. For some time private individuals have been acquiring and negotiating for land on the Gulf Coast of Louisiana, a part of which area is to be deeded to the State and the rest to the national government to be perpetually maintained as wild fowl refuges. The same system will be extended to the Atlantic and Pacific coasts, and active efforts are now on foot to enlist the co-operation of the government of Mexico.

ITCH POWDER.



Gee whiz! What fun you can have with this stuff. Moisten the tip of your finger, tap it on the contents of the box, and a little bit will stick. Then shake hands with your friend, or drop a speck down his back. In a minute he will feel as if he had the seven years' itch. It

will make him scratch, roar, squirm and make faces. But it is perfectly harmless, as it is made from the seeds of wild roses. The horrible itch stops in a few minutes, or can be checked immediately by rubbing the spot with a wet cloth. While it is working, you will be apt to laugh your suspender buttons off. The best joke of all. Price 10 cents a box, by mail, postpaid.

WOLFF NOVELTY CO., 29 W. 26th St., N. Y.

GOOD LUCK BANKS.



Ornamental as well as useful. Made of highly nicked brass. It holds just One Dollar. When filled it opens itself. Remains locked until refilled. Can be used as a watchcharm. Money refunded if not satisfied. Price, 10c. by mail.

L. SENARENS,
347 Winthrop St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

CACHOO OR SNEEZING POWDER.



The greatest fun-maker of them all. A small amount of this powder, when blown in a room, will cause everyone to sneeze without anyone knowing where it

comes from. It is very light, will float in the air for some time, and penetrate every nook and corner of a room. It is perfectly harmless. Cachoo is put up in bottles, and one bottle contains enough to be used from 10 to 15 times. Price, by mail, 10c. each; 3 for 25c.

WOLFF NOVELTY CO., 29 W. 26th St., N. Y.

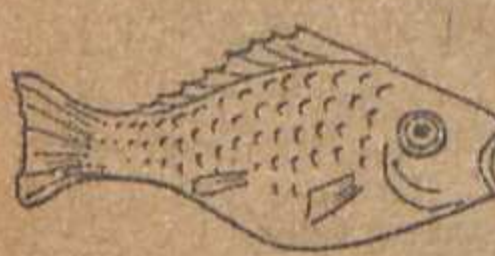
X-RAY WONDER



This is a wonderful little optical illusion. In use, you apparently see the bones in your hand, the hole in a pipe-stem, the lead in a pencil, etc. The principle on which it is operated cannot be disclosed here, but it will afford no end of fun for any person who has one. Price, 15 cents each, by mail, postpaid.

H. F. LANG, 215 Walworth St., B'klyn., N. Y.

THE SWIMMING FISH



Here is a fine mechanical toy. It is an imitation gold-fish, about 4½ inches long, and contains a water-tight compartment which will not allow it to sink. To keep it

in a natural position, the lower fin is ballasted with lead. To make it work, a spring is wound up. You then throw it in the water, and the machinery inside causes the tail to wiggle, and propel it in the most lifelike manner. When it runs down the fish floats until it is recovered, and it can then be rewound. Races between two of these fishes are very interesting. Price, 25 cents each by mail, postpaid.

J. KENNEDY, 303 West 127th St., N. Y.

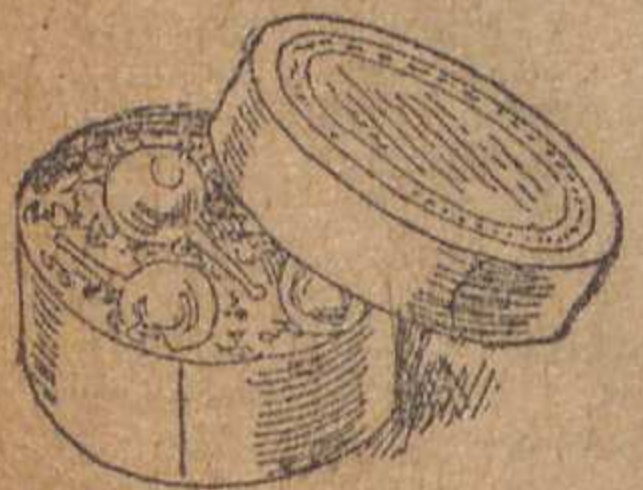
LAUGHABLE EGG TRICK



This is the funniest trick ever exhibited and always produces roars of laughter. The performer says to the audience that he requires some eggs for one of his experiments. As no spectator carries any, he calls his assistant, taps him on top of the head, he gags, and an egg comes out of his mouth. This is repeated until six eggs are produced. It is an easy trick to perform, once you know how, and always makes a hit. Directions given for working it. Price, 25 cents by mail, postpaid.

H. F. LANG, 215 Walworth St., B'klyn., N. Y.

ANARCHIST BOMBS.



They are small glass vials, and contain a liquid chemical that produces a horrible odor. When dropped in a room, they will make every person present rush out, holding their noses. In a few minutes the smell will disappear. Perfectly harmless. No danger of any evil effect. The only risk is that your friends may make you smell one of the bombs yourself, if they catch you.

Price, 10c. a box, or 3 for 25c., by mail, postpaid.

WOLFF NOVELTY CO., 29 W. 26th St., N. Y.



Solid-breech
Hammerless

.22 REPEATER

SOLID-BREECH HAMMERLESS SIDE-EJECTING

Sure Safe Shooting for Man or Boy—And a Simple Rifle to Care For

The Remington-UMC .22 Repeater is rifled, sighted and tested for accuracy by expert gunsmiths. It shoots as you hold. The simple, improved safety device on every Remington-UMC .22 repeater never fails to work. Accidental discharge is impossible.

The Remington-UMC .22 Repeater is easily cared for. In taking down, your fingers are your only tools. The breech block, firing pin and extractor, come out in one piece—permitting the barrel to be cleaned from the breech.

The action handles .22 short, .22 long or .22 long rifle cartridges—any or all at the same time without adjustment.

Remington-UMC—the perfect shooting combination

REMINGTON ARMS-UNION METALLIC CARTRIDGE CO.

239 Broadway, New York City



SKULL RING.

ONLY FIFTEEN CENTS.

We have here a handsome up to date ring for sporting men. It represents a skull and cross bones. Will scare the timid. Sample by mail Fifteen Cents.

stones in eyes
oxidized silver finish

Acme R. House 411 Chestnut St., Milwaukee, Wis.

LOTS OF FUN FOR A DIME

Ventriloquists Double Throat. This roof of mouth; always invisible; greatest thing yet. Astonish and mystify your friends. Neigh like a horse; whine like a puppy; sing like a canary and imitate birds and beasts of field and forest. **LOADS OF FUN.** Wonderful invention. Thousands sold. Price only 10 cents; 4 for 25 cents or 12 for 50 cents. **DOUBLE THROAT CO. DEPT. K FRENCHTOWN, N. J.**

Wizard Repeating LIQUID PISTOL



Will stop the most vicious dog (or man) without permanent injury.

Perfectly safe to carry without danger of leakage. Fires and recharges by pulling the trigger. Loads from any liquid. No cartridges required. Over six shots in one loading. All dealers, or by mail, 50c. Pistol with rubber covered holster, 55c. Holsters separate, 10c. Money order or U. S. stamps. No coins.

PARKER, STEARNS & CO., 273 GEORGIA AVE., BROOKLYN, N. Y.



GLASS PEN.—Patent glass pen, with nice dip, writes like any ordinary pen; each put up in wooden box. Price, 10c., postpaid.

WOLFF NOVELTY CO., 29 W. 26th St., N. Y.

IMITATION GIANT DIAMONDS.



Diamond rings or studs of half-inch and one inch in diameter are heard of in stories only. We have them imitated by prodigious sparkling stones which will deceive the glance of any spectator. Price by mail, postpaid, small size, 25c. each; large size, 35c. each.

H. F. LANG, 215 Walworth St., B'klyn., N. Y.

LOOK BACKWARD.



The greatest novelty out. Enjoy yourself! Own one! When placed to the eye, you can see what is taking place in back and front of you at the same time. No need to wish for eyes in the back of your head, as with this article you can observe all that occurs in that direction without even turning your head. How often are you anxious to see faces in back of you or observe who is following without attracting attention by turning around. This instrument does the trick for you. Lots of fun in owning a Seebach Scope. Price, 15c. each, in money or postage stamps.

WOLFF NOVELTY CO., 29 W. 26th St., N. Y.

SNAKES IN THE GRASS



Something entirely new, consisting of six large cones, each one nearly one inch in height. Upon lighting one of these cones with a match, you see something similar to a 4th of July exhibi-

tion of fireworks. Sparks fly in every direction, and as the cone burns down it throws out and is surrounded with what appears to be grass; at the same time a large snake uncoils himself from the burning cone and lazily stretches out in the grass, which at last burns to ashes but the snake remains as a curiosity unharmed. They are not at all dangerous and can be set off in the parlor if placed on some metal surface that will not burn. An ordinary dust pan answers the purpose nicely. Price of the six cones, packed in sawdust, in a strong wooden box, only 10c., 3 boxes for 25c., 1 dozen boxes 75c., sent by mail postpaid.

M. O'NEILL, 425 W. 56th St., N. Y.

WIRELESS TELEGRAPH



A useful, instructive and amusing outfit. It consists of two telegraph instruments, one for each station. The stations must be within hearing distance of each other. A Morse code or alphabet goes with each set, and, once it is mastered, you can operate any telegraph instrument, and command a good salary. With our system you can send messages to your friend at quite a distance, and receive his reply. Price, 15 cents by mail, postpaid.

J. KENNEDY, 303 West 127th St., N. Y.

THE MAGIC WALLET



Lots of fun can be had with it, puzzling people, while being used in a practical way to carry bank bills, letters, invoices, etc. Open with the straight bands on the left, lay a bill on top of bands, close wallet; open to the left, and the bill will be found under the crossed bands. Close wallet, open to the right, and the bill will be found under straight bands. How did it get there? That's the question. Price, 12 cents each, postpaid.

J. KENNEDY, 303 West 127th St., N. Y.

HINDOO FLOWER-POT TRICK



With this trick you can make a plant grow right up in a flower-pot, before the eyes of your audience. An ordinary empty earthen flower-pot is handed to the spectators for examination. A handkerchief is then placed over it, and you repeat a few magic words, and wave your wand over it. When the handkerchief is removed there is a beautiful plant, apparently in full bloom, in the pot. Full directions with each outfit. Price, 15 cents by mail, postpaid.

M. O'NEILL, 425 W. 56th St., N. Y.

TIFFI.



Also known as a Japanese butterfly. A pleasing novelty enclosed in an envelope. When the envelope is opened Tiffi will fly out through the air for several yards. Made of colored paper to represent a butterfly six inches wide.

M. O'NEILL, 425 W. 56th St., N. Y.

VANISHING CIGAR.



This cigar is made in exact imitation of a good one. It is held by a rubber cord which, with the attached safety pin, is fastened on the inside of the sleeve. When offered to a friend, as it is about to be taken, it will instantly disappear.

Price, 10c. each by mail, postpaid. H. F. LANG, 215 Walworth St., B'klyn., N. Y.

JAPANESE TWIRLER.



A wonderful imported paper novelty. By a simple manipulation of the wooden handles a number of beautiful figures can be produced. It takes on several combinations of magnificent colors.

Price, 10c., postpaid. WOLFF NOVELTY CO., 29 W. 26th St., N. Y.

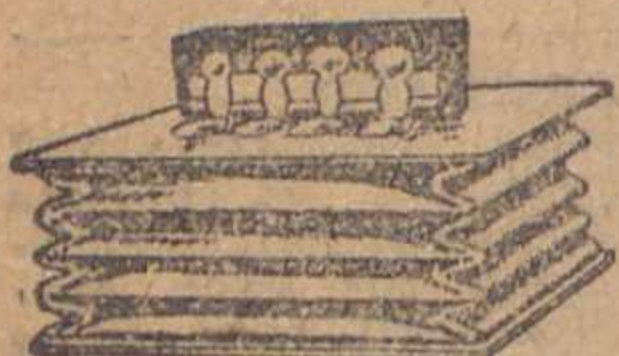
SPRING TOPS



Something new for the boys. A top you can spin without a string. This is a decided novelty. It is of large size, made of brass, and has a heavy balance rim. The shank contains a powerful spring and has an outer casing. The top of the shank has a milled edge for winding it up. When wound, you merely lift the outer casing, and the top spins at such a rapid speed that the balance rim keeps it going a long time. Without doubt the handsomest and best top on the market.

Price 12 cents each, by mail, post-paid. H. F. LANG, 215 Walworth St., B'klyn., N. Y.

LITTLE ACCORDEONS



The smallest, cheapest, and best sounding musical instrument for the price. This perfect little accordion has four keys and eight notes, a complete scale, upon which you can play almost any tune. It is about 5 x 2 1/2 inches in size, and is not a toy, but a practical and serviceable accordion in every respect; with ordinary care it will last for years, and produces sweet music and perfect harmony. Anyone can learn to play it with very little practice.

Price 12 cents each, by mail, post-paid. WOLFF NOVELTY CO., 29 W. 26th St., N. Y.

THE NEW FROG JOKER.



Bushels of fun! "Froggy" has got a very croaking and rasping voice, and when held in the hollow of the hand and made to croak, one instinctively looks around for a bullfrog. An amusing joke can be played on your friends by passing the ratchet-wheel of the frog down their coat-sleeve or the back of their coat. The ripping, tearing noise gives them a severe shock, and they heave a sigh of relief when they find that their clothes are sound and whole as before. A good joke is to make a gentleman's or lady's watch a stem winder. With the frog concealed in your hand, you take the stem of the watch between your thumb and finger, and at the same time allow the ball of your thumb to pass over the ratchet-wheel of the frog, when to the company you will seem to be winding the watch, but the noise will startle them, for 'twill sound more like winding Barnum's steam callope than a watch, and you can keep winding indefinitely. The possessor of one of these Frog Jokers can have any amount of fun with it. It is made of bronze metal and will never wear out. Do not fail to send for one. Price, 10c., 3 for 25c. by mail, post-paid; one dozen by express, 75c.

H. F. LANG, 215 Walworth St., B'klyn., N. Y.

Ayvad's Water-Wings



Learn to swim by one trial

Price 25 cents, Postpaid

These water-wings take up no more room than a pocket-hankerchief. They weigh 3 ounces and support from 50 to 250 pounds. With a pair anyone can learn to swim or float. For use, you have only to wet them, blow them up, and press together the two ring marks under the mouthpiece.

H. F. LANG, 215 Walworth St., B'klyn., N. Y.

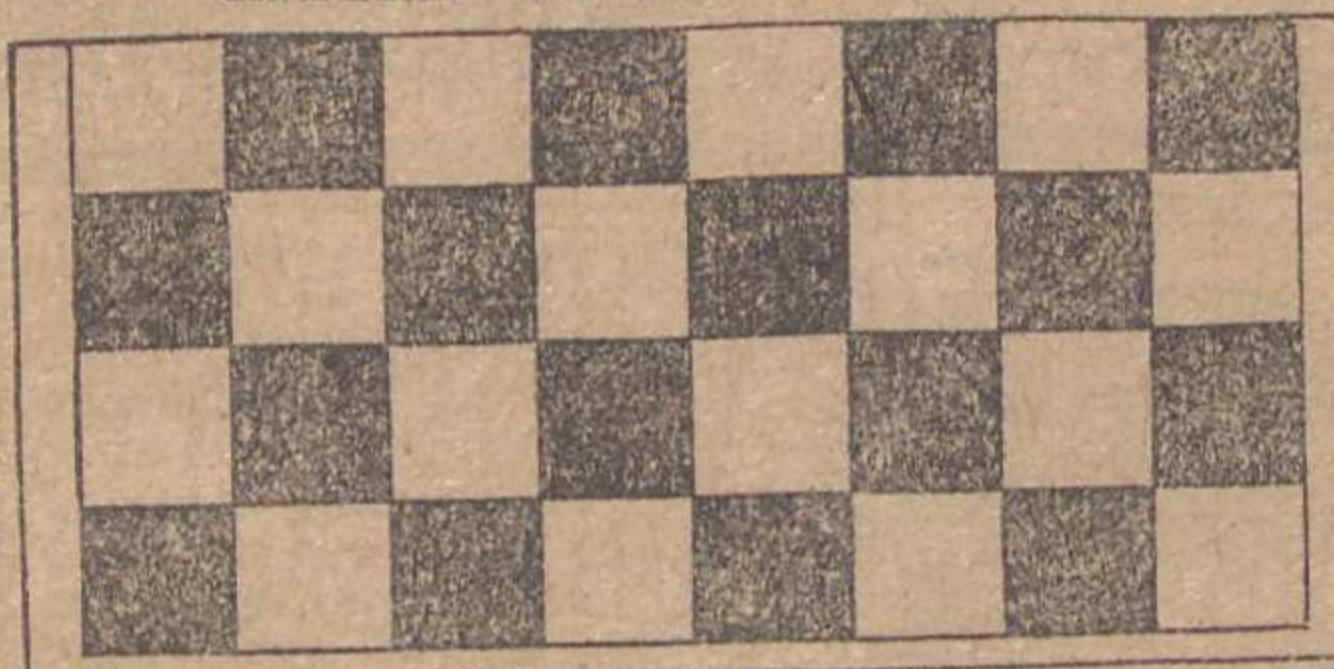


HUMANATONE.

The improved Humanatone. This flute will be found to be the most enjoyable article ever offered; nickel plated, finely polished; each put up in a box with full instruction how to use them. Price, 18c., postpaid.

WOLFF NOVELTY CO., 29 W. 26th St. N. Y.

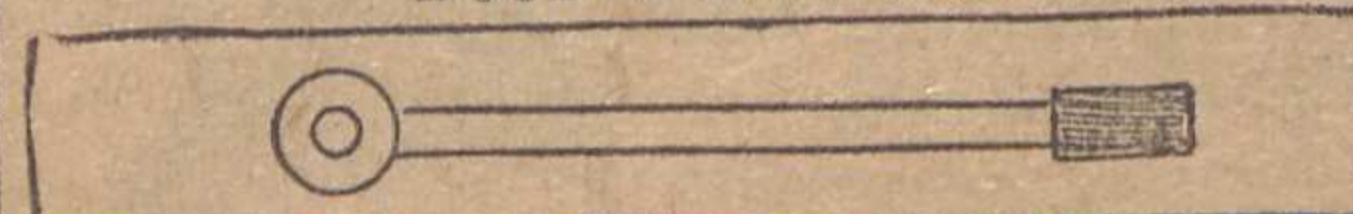
LITTLE CHECKER BOARDS.



Price 7 cents each by mail. They are made of durable colored cardboard, fold to the size of 6 1/4 x 3 1/2 inches, and are so handy in size that they can be carried in the pocket. They contain 24 red and black checkers, and are just as serviceable as the most expensive boards made. The box and lid can be fastened together in a moment by means of patent joints in the ends. Full directions printed on each box.

H. F. LANG, 215 Walworth St., B'klyn., N. Y.

DOUBLE CLAPPERS



They are handsomely made of white wood, 6 inches long, with carefully rounded edges. On each side a steel spring is secured, with flat leaden discs at the ends. They produce a tremendous clatter, and yet they can be played even better than the most expensive bones used by minstrels. The finest article of its kind on the market. Price 7 cents a pair, postpaid.

M. O'NEILL, 425 W. 56th St., N. Y.

CARTER AEROPLANE No. 1.



Will fly on a horizontal line 150 feet! Can be flown in the house, and will not injure itself nor anything in the room. The most perfect little aeroplane made. The motive power is furnished by twisted rubber bands contained within the tubular body of the machine. It is actuated by a propeller at each end revolving in opposite directions. Variation in height may be obtained by moving the planes and the balance weight. It can be made to fly either to the right or the left by moving the balance side-wise before it is released for flight. Price, 35c. each, delivered.

L. Senarens, 347 Winthrop St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

LIGHTNING TRICK BOX.



A startling and pleasing illusion! "The ways of the world are devious," says Matthew Arnold, but the ways of the Lightning Trick Box when properly handled are admitted to be puzzling and uncertain. You take off the lid and show your friends that it is full of nice candy. Replace the lid, when you can solemnly assure your friends that you can instantly empty the box in their presence without opening it; and taking off the lid again, sure enough the candy has disappeared. Or you can change the candy into a piece of money by following the directions sent with each box. This is the neatest and best cheap trick ever invented.

Price, only 10c.; 3 for 25c., mailed, postpaid. M. O'NEILL, 425 W. 56th St., N. Y.

LITTLE RIP'S TEN-PINS.



In each set there ten pins and two bowling balls, packed in a beautifully ornate box. With one of miniature sets you play ten-pins on a dining-room table just as well as the game can be played in a regular alley. Every game known to professional bowlers can be worked with these pins. Price, 10c. per box by mail, postpaid.

H. F. LANG, 215 Walworth St., B'klyn., N. Y.

FIGHTERS.



A brand new idea for amusement. The consist of small cardboard figures of soldiers, Indians, swimmers, etc., and mounted on wires. As you twist the wires between the figures, they instantly become animated and charge at each other in the most amusing manner. No end of fun with toys. Price, 10c. by mail, postpaid.

WOLFF NOVELTY CO., 29 W. 26th St., N. Y.

BUBBLE BLOWER.



With this device continuous series of bubbles can be blown. It is a wooden, cigar-shaped blower, enclosing a small vial, which there is a piece of soap. The vial is filled with water, and a peculiarly perforated cork is inserted. When you blow in to mouthpiece, it sets up a hydraulic pressure through the cork perforations and a bubble after bubble to come out. No need dipping into water once the little bottle is filled. Price, 10c. each by mail, postpaid.

J. KENNEDY, 303 W. 127th St., N. Y.

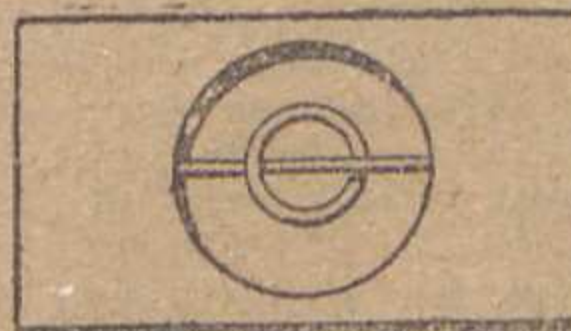
HALF MASKS.



False-faces beaten a mile. There are 7 in a set and represent an Indian, a Japanese girl, clown, Foxy Grandpa, an Englishman, Johnny Atkins and an Automaton. Beautifully lithographed in handsome colors on a durable quality of cardboard. They have eye-holes and string perforations. Price, 6c. each, or the full set of 7 for 25c., postpaid.

M. O'NEILL, 425 W. 56th St., N. Y.

MYSTIC PUZZLE



The newest and most novel puzzle on the market. It consists of a flat piece of wood 1 1/4 x 3 inches, neatly covered with imitation leather. The cross-bar and ring in the hole are nickel-plated. The object is to get the small ring off the bar. It absolutely cannot be done by anyone not in the secret. More fun to be had with it than with any other puzzle made. It is not breakable and can be carried in the vest pocket.

Price 10 cents each by mail, post-paid. H. F. LANG, 215 Walworth St., B'klyn., N. Y.

TABLE RAISING TRICK



The most mystifying trick ever done by a magician. The performer shows a small light table. He places his hand flat upon the top. The table clings to his hand as if glued there. He may swing it in the air, but the table will not leave his hand until he sets it on the floor again. The table can be inspected to show that there are no strings or wires attached.

Price 12 cents each, by mail, post-paid. M. O'NEILL, 425 W. 56th St., N. Y.

MUSICAL SEAT



The best joke out. You can have more fun than a circus, with one of these novelties. All you have to do is to place one on a chair seat (hidden under a cushion, if possible). Then tell your friend to sit down. An unearthly shriek from the little round drum will send your victim up in the air, the most puzzled and astonished mortal on earth. Don't miss getting one of these genuine laugh producers. Perfectly harmless, and never misses doing its work.

Price 20 cents each, by mail, post-paid. WOLFF NOVELTY CO., 29 W. 26th St., N. Y.

OUR TEN-CENT HAND BOOKS

No. 1. NAPOLEON'S ORACULUM AND DREAM BOOK.—Containing the great oracle of human destiny; also the true meaning of almost any kind of dreams, together with charms, ceremonies, and curious games of cards.

No. 2. HOW TO DO TRICKS.—The great book of magic and card tricks, containing full instruction on all the leading card tricks of the day, also the most popular magical illusions as performed by our leading magicians; every boy should obtain a copy of this book.

No. 3. HOW TO FLIRT.—The arts and wiles of flirtation are fully explained by this little book. Besides the various methods of handkerchief, fan, glove, parasol, window and hat flirtation, it contains a full list of the language and sentiment of flowers.

No. 4. HOW TO DANCE is the title of this little book. It contains full instructions in the art of dancing, etiquette in the ball-room and at parties, how to dress, and full directions for calling off in all popular square dances.

No. 5. HOW TO MAKE LOVE.—A complete guide to love, courtship and marriage, giving sensible advice, rules and etiquette to be observed.

No. 6. HOW TO BECOME AN ATHLETE.—Giving full instruction for the use of dumbbells, Indian clubs, parallel bars, horizontal bars and various other methods of developing a good, healthy muscle; containing over sixty illustrations.

No. 7. HOW TO KEEP BIRDS.—Handsomely illustrated and containing full instructions for the management and training of the canary, mockingbird, bobolink, blackbird, parrot, parrot, etc.

No. 9. HOW TO BECOME A VENTRILOQUIST.—By Harry Kennedy. Every intelligent boy reading this book of instructions can master the art, and create any amount of fun for himself and friends.

No. 10. HOW TO BOX.—The art of self-defense made easy. Containing over thirty illustrations of guards, blows, and the different positions of a good boxer. Every boy should obtain one of these useful and instructive books, as it will teach you how to box without an instructor.

No. 11. HOW TO WRITE LOVE-LETTERS.—A most complete little book, containing full directions for writing love-letters, and when to use them, giving specimen letters for young and old.

No. 12. HOW TO WRITE LETTERS TO LADIES.—Giving complete instructions for writing letters to ladies on all subjects; also letters of introduction, notes and requests.

No. 13. HOW TO DO IT; OR, BOOK OF ETIQUETTE.—It is a great life secret, and one that every young man desires to know all about. There's happiness in it.

No. 14. HOW TO MAKE CANDY.—A complete hand-book for making all kinds of candy, ice-cream, syrups, essences, etc., etc.

No. 18. HOW TO BECOME BEAUTIFUL.—One of the brightest and most valuable little books ever given to the world. Everybody wishes to know how to become beautiful, both male and female. The secret is simple, and almost costless.

No. 20. HOW TO ENTERTAIN AN EVENING PARTY.—A complete compendium of games, sports, card diversions, comic recitations, etc., suitable for parlor or drawing-room entertainment.

No. 21. HOW TO HUNT AND FISH.—The most complete hunting and fishing guide ever published. It contains full instructions about guns, hunting dogs, traps, trapping and fishing, together with description of game and fish.

No. 22. HOW TO DO SECOND SIGHT.—Heller's second sight explained by his former assistant, Fred Hunt, Jr. Explaining how the secret dialogues were carried on between the magician and the boy on the stage; also giving all the codes and signals.

No. 23. HOW TO EXPLAIN DREAMS.—This little book gives the explanation to all kinds of dreams, together with lucky and unlucky days.

No. 24. HOW TO WRITE LETTERS TO GENTLEMEN.—Containing full directions for writing to gentlemen on all subjects.

No. 25. HOW TO BECOME A GYMNAST.—Containing full instructions for all kinds of gymnastic sports and athletic exercises. Embracing thirty-five illustrations.

No. 26. HOW TO ROW, SAIL AND BUILD A BOAT.—Fully illustrated. Full instructions are given in this little book, together with instructions on swimming and riding, companion sports to boating.

No. 27. HOW TO RECITE AND BOOK OF RECITATIONS.—Containing the most popular selections in use, comprising Dutch dialect, French dialect, Yankee and Irish dialect pieces, together with many standard readings.

No. 28. HOW TO TELL FORTUNES.—Everyone is desirous of knowing what his future life will bring forth, whether happiness or misery, wealth or poverty. You can tell by a glance at this little book.

No. 29. HOW TO BECOME AN INVENTOR.—Every boy should know how inventions originated. This book explains them all, giving examples in electricity, hydraulics, magnetism, optics, pneumatics, mechanics, etc.

No. 30. HOW TO COOK.—One of the most instructive books on cooking ever published. It contains recipes for cooking meats, fish, game, and oysters; also pies, puddings, cakes and all kinds of pastry, and a grand collection of recipes.

No. 31. HOW TO BECOME A SPEAKER.—Containing fourteen illustrations, giving the different positions requisite to become a good speaker, reader and elocutionist. Also containing gems from all the popular authors of prose and poetry.

No. 32. HOW TO BEHAVE.—Containing the rules and etiquette of good society and the easiest and most approved methods of appearing to good advantage at parties, balls, the theatre, church, and in the drawing-room.

No. 35. HOW TO PLAY GAMES.—A complete and useful little book, containing the rules and regulations of billiards, bagatelle, backgammon, croquet, dominoes, etc.

No. 36. HOW TO SOLVE CONUNDRUMS.—Containing all the leading conundrums of the day, amusing riddles, curious catches and witty sayings.

No. 38. HOW TO BECOME YOUR OWN DOCTOR.—A wonderful book, containing useful and practical information in the treatment of ordinary diseases and ailments common to every family. Abounding in useful and effective recipes for general complaints.

No. 39. HOW TO RAISE DOGS, POULTRY, PIGEONS AND RABBITS.—A useful and instructive book. Handsomely illustrated.

No. 40. HOW TO MAKE AND SET TRAPS.—Including hints on how to catch moles, weasels, otter, rats, squirrels and birds. Also how to cure skins. Copiously illustrated.

No. 41. THE BOYS OF NEW YORK END MEN'S JOKE BOOK.—Containing a great variety of the latest jokes used by the most famous end men. No amateur minstrels is complete without this wonderful little book.

No. 42. THE BOYS OF NEW YORK STUMP SPEAKER.—Containing a varied assortment of stump speeches, Negro, Dutch and Irish. Also end men's jokes.

No. 43. HOW TO BECOME A MAGICIAN.—Containing the grandest assortment of magical illusions ever placed before the public. Also tricks with cards, incantations, etc.

No. 44. HOW TO WRITE IN AN ALBUM.—A grand collection of Album Verses suitable for any time and occasion; embracing Lines of Love, Affection, Sentiment, Humor, Respect, and Condolence; also Verses Suitable for Valentines and Weddings.

No. 45. THE BOYS OF NEW YORK MINSTREL GUIDE AND JOKE BOOK.—Something new and very instructive. Every boy should obtain this book, as it contains full instructions for organizing an amateur minstrel troupe.

No. 46. HOW TO MAKE AND USE ELECTRICITY.—A description of the wonderful uses of electricity and electro magnetism; together with full instructions for making Electric Toys, Batteries, etc. By George Trebel, A. M., M. D. Containing over fifty illustrations.

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